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THE STREETS.

AFTER undergoing for months an amount of infliction in our streets in the shape of mud, garbage, and filth of every description, that no one but a New Yorker can correctly comprehend, and to describe which to New Yorkers would be a work of very absurd supererogation, a spasmodic, convulsive, revolutionary effort is made to clean our highways. New York is to be cleaned; for once in its life, the municipal face is to be scoured.

Such was the announcement a week ago. Another week has revolved, and lo! the result. The contractors have been set upon by gangs of loafers and ruffians—their operations arrested—all efforts to clean the streets defied—and we are just about where we were ten days since—the contending parties having, apparently, respectively drawn off on what is known to doctors of the civil law as the *uti possidebatis* basis. No one who knows any thing about what, by a very absurd misnomer, is called the *government* of this city, would have prognosticated any other *finale*.

Indeed, so natural is the result, that it were quite absurd to refer to the matter at all, except as it is desirable, from time to time, to recall to the "free and enlightened" citizens of this great metropolis the peculiar beauties of the system under which they live.

There are now three great cities in the world which, in point of activity, intelligence, wealth, and luxury, may be said to be rivals of each other. The ancient Eastern world contained but one Babylon—the ancient Western world contained but one Rome. Our modern world has three Babylons, three Romes—Paris, London, and New York.

Of these three "great sores," as that philosophic Democrat, Mr. Jefferson, was wont to call them, the first is governed by a military despotism of the most stringent and severe description; the second by a semi-feudal monarchy of the most aristocratic tastes and tendencies; the third rejoices in a government called that of a free republic, where about every six months every body is invited to elect every body else to some office, out of which the happy incumbent is kicked at the end of the next semi-annual period. We wish to know whether our citizens are in the habit of drawing comparisons between the municipal government of these three cities?

By municipal government we do not mean general political government—embracing international relations, organic structure, and all sorts of things with grand names, from the hereditary principle down to the fundamental *droits de l'homme*—but that system of city administration embraced under the very humble heads of street-lighting, street-sweeping, and police, the diapason closing full in taxation. And we would be gratified to learn what is the result of the lucubrations of the New Yorker who institutes an investigation into the comparative municipal anatomy of London, Paris, and his own blessed city. Who of the three—the Parisian under his military despotism, the Londoner under his feudal monarchy, or the New Yorker under his free republic—has the cleanest streets, the best lighted streets, the greatest security of life, the greatest security of property? who, in a word—to use our American test—*gets the most for the money* which he pays to the support of government?

There can be but one answer, and it is a painful and a mortifying one; mortifying to our character for good sense—to our intellectual capacity—to our public spirit—to our national pride in every way. There is, indeed, no comparison. Both in London and in Paris, notwithstanding what we consider the vicious structure of their political systems, the changes produced in the municipal government of those two large cities within the last thirty years have been all on the side of progress and improvement; and they have now clean streets, well-lighted streets, order, safety, and a police which, independent of questions of politics and government, leaves absolutely nothing to desire.

In New York, on the other hand, all the change produced by the last thirty years has been for the worse; and the net result now is, that what was then a decent and orderly town of moderate size, has been converted into a huge semi-barbarous metropolis, one-half as luxurious and artistic as Paris, and the other half as savage as Cairo or Constantinople—not well-governed nor ill-governed, but simply not governed at all—with filthy and ill-lighted streets—no practical or efficient security for either life or property—a police not worthy of the name—and expenses steadily and enormously increasing.

The truth is, that the misgovernment or no-government of New York—and, indeed, in a greater or less degree, of all our large cities; for Philadelphia and Baltimore are, in some respects, even ahead of us in derangement and disturbance—must inevitably soon force upon the minds of our people the fact that cities of the size of ours, and composed as our cities are, can not be governed on the pure republican plan of frequent elections and universal suffrage, unless some new check or element of discipline be introduced. We are degenerating to a condition of mere anarchy and disorganization. We are trying to govern towns of from half to nearly a million of people on the same plan as was applied, two hundred years ago, to the villages of New England. The thing can not be done. Health, comfort, tranquillity, property, life—all cry aloud for some radical change in our municipal organizations.

In the mean time, here, in New York, it is well that we have before our eyes a perpetual reminder and symbol of the true character of our municipal administration. It is not always that you can, with such eminent truth, say of a system, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* It is not always that even the most vigorous government so perfectly stamps its visible impress on the surface of its jurisdiction. But we have it here. The dirt, dust, filth, garbage, and offal which defile our streets, are but a type and representation of the corruption, disorder, disorganization, and anarchy which make up what is politely termed the municipal government of New York.

THE DRAMA.

To every eye familiar with Paris and New York, we think that the growing similarity between these two great cities must be, every day, becoming more and more apparent. The same tendency to out-door life, the same gregarious habits, the same passion for amusements, the same active rush and whirl of life, the same levity of temper, the same inconstancy of tastes, the same gay good-humor. The passions which rule the two places are identical. It is only a question of more or less.

Perhaps the increased likeness is nowhere more visible than in regard to the drama. Those who can look back to the time—not thirty years ago—when the Old Drury of the Park was the only resort of the lover of the stage, certainly must sometimes feel like resuscitated Rip Van Winkles, when they observe the variety and the number of the theatrical amusements which now invite the *badaud* of New York simultaneously with the multitudinous wayfarers who throng our streets.

And neither the variety nor the number of our theatres is more remarkable than the change in the character of the pieces which are represented at them. The old stock plays of the English stage seem to have been pretty much abandoned, or to be nearly jostled from their places, by an invasion of *parvenus* springing from the lowest ranks of English farce, and the most seductive and dangerous class of French *vaudevilles*.

Of these latter, the success of no one is more striking than that of the *Dame aux Camelias*, the heroine of which is described by one of her most successful representatives as a "reckless, erring, loving, hoping, sacrificing, despairing, repentant, purified woman, the grandest type of lofty feminine nature that ever held a place upon the English stage!"

We should be glad to hear some of the ancient standards on this subject. We should be very happy to know what Portia, or Imogen, or poor Desdemona, think of this "grandest type" thus quietly put over their heads.

The story is familiar to all our readers. The heroine is a poor, pulmonary, Parisian prostitute (pardon, reader, the alliteration), with whom a blockhead of a boy falls in love, or thinks he falls in love. The unhappy creature—who, like many of her wretched class, is not totally debased or hardened—when appealed to by the parent of her lover, determines to give him up; and to accomplish this most effectually, she flings herself back, at a bound, into the utmost depth of the guilt and mire of her former life—and dies.

The whole thing is a mass of brazen vice and sickly sentimentality of the worst description. One knows not whether the affection of the young idiot for this wretched creature is more absurd or more disgusting. The unhappy woman herself has not an idea of true purity or real repentance, and only breaks from the foolish moth fluttering around her to wallow still more wretchedly in vice and crime. This is the *Dame aux Camelias* of Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, to whom the world should, doubtless, feel itself infinitely obliged.

And this is the moral and intellectual entertainment—the *pabulum animi*—to which the young men and young women of New York are nightly invited, for the apparent purpose of breaking down all true notions of masculine character and feminine virtue, and of mixing up in their minds and hearts virtue and vice, chastity and impurity, harlots and matrons, decency and indecency, all in one grand and general jumble.

This Government depends on the education of its people—it depends on their moral education. We may be as quick-witted as Greek or Jew, or as Yankee, more quick-witted than either—as brave as Frenchmen, and as bull-headed as Britons—if the moral tone of our people be not kept up, this form of Government can not be maintained. To suppose a Republic existing in a luxurious, corrupt, immoral community is a contradiction in terms. All this we repeat till we are tired of hearing it.

There are five great teachers of the people, all incessantly working from morn to night, some working from night to morn. Our Schools, with their long files of eager and ardent youth—our Pulpits, with their holy associations, their swelling choirs, and sacred anthems—our Courts of Justice, with their dramatic jury trials and daily application of law to the conduct of man—our Press, with its thousand heads and myriad hands, its steam power and its telegraphs—and finally, the Drama, with the genius of its men and the beauty of its women, its brilliant lights, its touching poetry, and its inspiring music—with every thing, indeed, calculated to touch the feelings and the imagination—

> To rouse the genius and to mend the heart.

These agents are forever at work. It is a curious and, as we regard it, a pleasing or a painful inquiry to observe to what extent these great influences are accomplishing rightly their respective tasks.

We do not intend at present to make any "odorous comparisons," or to enter on so vast and serious a theme. We shall content ourselves with saying that if the Drama is really to obtain and maintain a position of desirable or respectable influence—if it is to be any thing but a mere intellectual trifle on the one hand, or a most seductive and corrupting snare on the other—if its professors and practitioners are to have a reputation, or to occupy a position in our society at all approaching that to which their ability and genius entitle them, they must give us something better than a rehash of the vice and folly of the most vicious of European capitals—something better than the personation of sickly prostitutes and unfledged rakes—they must invite our wives and daughters to something a little more instructive and a little more decent than the *Dame aux Camelias*.

THE GREAT HYDROGRAPHICAL BASINS.

LET us send the imagination on a voyage of exploration among the great river basins of the world, and listen to the report it brings back concerning some of the physical aspects presented there, and the forces that are at work in them.

The solid portions of the earth's crust are divided off into desert lands and river basins. Every acre of dry land, whether mountain, plain, or valley, belongs to one or the other of these two natural divisions.

The borders of the large river basins are generally fringed with hills, sometimes with very high mountains. Thus the Cordilleras of South America form a magnificent border on the west to the basins of the Amazon and La Plata; while the Rocky Mountains and Alleghanies hedge in the Mississippi on both the west and the east, and give shape to its drainage.

The peculiarities of a river basin impress striking characteristics upon a country. Those of America give very prominent features to our landscapes. The pioneers of the west, with their quick eye and keen perceptions, were not slow in recognizing these peculiarities, and in turning them to practical account: the elevation which divides the waters of one river or stream from the waters of another, they called "the divide;" and the slope from which the drainage was collected into a brook, creek, or river, was termed a "water-shed."

Thus natural landmarks were afforded for laying out the wilderness into convenient and easily recognizable divisions.

The hydrographic basins of all large rivers, as the Mississippi, are corrugated in every direction with ridges and ravines, which constitute divides and water-sheds for every brook and streamlet that brings down its aqueous tribute to the main stream of the valley.

Hydrographic Basin is a term in Physical Geography, and it is used to express what is commonly meant by the word valley in connection with river drainage. Thus the valley of the Mississippi is its hydrographic basin.

There are but ten rivers in the world whose hydrographic basins include an area of more than 500,000 square miles each. These are

	Square miles.
The Amazon, including the Tocantines and Orinoco	2,048,000
Mississippi	982,000
La Plata	886,000
Yenisei	785,000
Obi	725,000
Lena	594,000
Amoor	583,000
Yang-tse-kiang	548,000
Hoang-ho	537,000
Nile	520,000

These areas are stated in round numbers and according to the best authorities.

The basin of the Amazon is usually computed at 1,512,000 square miles, but such computation excludes the Tocantines, 204,000 square miles, which joins the Amazon near its mouth, and the Orinoco, with a hydrographic area of 252,000 square miles, which, by means of the Casiquiare, is connected also with the Amazon. We think that these three rivers should all be regarded as belonging to one hydrographic basin; for a canoe may pass inland from any one to either of the others without portage.

Of these hydrographic basins, three, including an area of 3,916,000 square miles, are American; six, which contain an area of 3,772,000 square miles, belong to Asia, one to Africa, and none to Europe.

The three largest rivers of Asia, the Yenisei, Obi, and Lena (2,104,000 square miles), discharge their waters into the Arctic Ocean, and are therefore out of the reach of the commercial world; consequently they do not possess the interest which in the minds of men generally is attached to the rest. The three others of Asia drain 1,668,000 square miles, and run into the Pacific; while the whole American system feed with their waters and their commerce the Atlantic Ocean.

These rivers, with their springs, give drink to man and beast, and nourish with their waters plants and reptiles, with fish and fowl not a few. The capacity of their basins for production and wealth is without limits. These streams are the great arteries of inland commerce. Were they to dry up, the harmonies of the earth would be destroyed, and that beautiful adaptation of physical forces to terrestrial machinery, by which climates are regulated, would lose its adjustment and run wild like a watch without a balance.

We see these majestic streams pouring their waters into the sea, but from the sea we know those waters must come again, else the sea would be full. We know, also, that the sunbeam and the sea-breeze suck them up again; and it is

curious to fancy such volumes of water, as this mighty company of ten great rivers is continually discharging into the sea, taken up by the winds and the sun, and borne away through the invisible channels of the air to the springs among the hills that are the source of all rivers. This operation is perpetually going on, yet we perceive it not; for few are they who have ever thought much about it.

Let *us* think a moment about it; and that we may be enabled to appreciate the majesty of the forces employed, and to comprehend the magnitude and grandeur of their operations, let us inquire how much rain falls annually upon the water-sheds of one of these streams, as of the Mississippi, how much is carried off by the river, how much is taken up by evaporation, and how much heat is evolved in hoisting up and letting down all this water. At another time we may inquire for the springs in the sea that feed the clouds with rain for these rivers.

If we had a pool of water one mile square, and six inches deep, to be evaporated by artificial heat, and if we wished to find out how much would be required for the purpose, we should be told by those who profess to know that it would require about as much as is evolved in the combustion of two millions and a half of tons of coal. Thus we obtain a unit of measure to help us in our calculation; for if the number of square miles contained in the Mississippi Valley, and the number of inches of rain that falls upon it annually be given, then it will be easy to tell how many of such huge measures of heat are set free during the annual operation of condensing the rain for our hydrographic basin. And then, if we could tell how many inches of this rain-water are again taken up by evaporation, we should have the data for determining the number of these monstrous measures of heat that are employed for that operation also.

The area of the Mississippi Valley is said by physical geographers to embrace 982,000 square miles; and upon every square mile there is an annual average fall of rain 40 inches deep. Now if we multiply 982,000 by the number of times 6 will go into 40, we shall have the number of our units of heat that are annually set free among the clouds that give rain to the Mississippi Valley. Thus the imagination is startled, and the mind overwhelmed with the announcement that the quantity of heat evolved from the vapors as they are condensed to supply the Mississippi Valley with water is as much as would be set free by the combustion of 6,546,666 times 2,500,000 tons of coal.

Our readers have a right to know how came we by the data for these figures; we will tell. Mr. Russell of Scotland is our authority for the evaporating powers of 2,500,000 tons of coal; the army Meteorological Register, published by the Surgeon General's office in 1855, is the authority on which we base our estimate as to the average annual fall of rain; and the annals of the National Observatory show that, according to the observations made by Lieutenant Marr at Memphis, the annual fall of rain there is 49 inches, the annual evaporation 43, and the quantity of water that annually passes by in the Mississippi is 93 cubic miles. These observations of Marr are for one place. We shall have to expand them and combine them with others in order to apply them to the whole river and its water-sheds. Thus we obtain data for estimating the value of the quantities we are about to treat of. We shall state our data so much in detail that the reader may go over them himself and make his own calculations.

Since 1819 a regular series of meteorological observations has been conducted at the military posts of the country; and the Army Meteorological Register for 1855 contains a series of rain maps, the best ever published concerning the country. They were compiled by Lorin Blodget from the data furnished by the 36 years of Army Observations between 1819 and 1855; and according to these maps the mean annual fall of rain in the Mississippi Valley will strike an average of about 40 inches for all parts—in some places it is more, in others less, but the general average for the valley through, is about 40 inches.

The water required to cover to the depth of 40 inches an area of 982,000 square miles would, if collected together into one place, make a sea one mile deep with a superficial area of 620 square miles.

Now if we could find out how much of this annual supply is carried off by the river to the sea, we might ascertain how much is taken up by evaporation and vegetation; or, conversely—but disregarding the quantity used by the vegetable kingdom as too small an item to enter into a calculation of this sort—if we knew the amount of evaporation for the whole valley, we should be enabled to determine the quantity of water annually discharged by the river into the sea.

These are interesting physical questions which the spirit of research that is abroad can not ignore.

Among Lieutenant Maury's scientific investigations which are recorded in the annals of the National Observatory, there is contained a carefully conducted series of observations and experiments made by the late Lieutenant Robert A. Marr, at the Memphis Navy Yard; they show, as just stated, that the total annual quantity of water that passes down the Mississippi River opposite that city is 93 cubic miles, and that the annual amount of precipitation exceeds the annual amount of evaporation at that place, by about one-eighth; in other words, that of the 49 inches of rain that annually falls at Memphis, 6 inches run off by the river, and 43 are evaporated up again.

Marr's observations are very interesting and valuable, for he was a very reliable man, and they were carefully and patiently made.

He was a young naval officer of great promise. He was lost in the United States sloop-of-war *Albany*, when that ship went down at sea with all hands on board.

In 1850-'51, being stationed at the Memphis Navy Yard, he undertook, at the instance of Lieutenant Maury, a regular series of daily observations upon the weather and the river.

The observations for the quantity of water that daily passed by in the Mississippi were made in this way. The shape of the bottom and sides of the river at a convenient place were carefully ascertained from accurate survey. Then the daily stage of the river was noted, and experiments made for 365 days consecutively upon the current in the middle and at the sides, at the bottom and at the top, with a view to ascertaining the velocity of the flow: knowing, then, the height of the water for each day, and the area of the cross section from the bottom to the top, he had a very good measure for the quantity of water that daily passed by.

These observations give 93 cubic miles for that quantity, including the silt. Other tributaries, however, add their waters to the river below Memphis; we estimate these, after deducting for evaporation, to be sufficient to make the total quantity annually discharged by the river into the Gulf somewhere between 105 and 109 cubic miles of mud and water.

The first named quantity (105), is obtained by adding one-eighth of the quantity of water passing by Memphis to the quantity that the river receives below that place, but if we allow one-sixth, the whole discharge would be the last named quantity, viz., 109 cubic miles. The actual average discharge is probably somewhere between the two. Let us assume it to be 107 cubic miles.

This, subtracted from the total quantity of rain in the basin, gives 513 cubic miles of water as the quantity which is annually evaporated from the hydrographical basin of the Mississippi. Hence we establish, as a general rule, that about one-seventh of all the rain that falls in the Mississippi Valley is carried off by the river to the sea.

According to Marr's observations the total evaporation would be 542 cubic miles; but in his experiments a water-surface was exposed to evaporation all the time: and the result shows the *capacity* of the climate for evaporation rather than the actual evaporation that takes place; for by reason of drought, etc., the amount of actual evaporation, or the amount of vapor that rises from the surface of the 982,000 square miles of land in the Valley of the Mississippi, must be considerably less than what it would be if that surface, like Marr's, was covered all the time with water.

It appears, therefore, from our most reliable observations, that rain, hail, and snow enough annually fall upon the Mississippi Valley to make, if it were collected into one place, 620 cubic miles of water, and that of this 513 are taken up again, and 107 discharged through the river into the sea. This statement gives in round numbers ⅚ths of the rain for vapor and vegetation, and what vegetation absorbs is ultimately given to the air.

Thus we make another step in our calculations; for if the average annual fall for the whole valley be 40 inches, about 34 will be taken up again, while 6 go to feed the springs and make the river. This is probably the best record for actual evaporation that has ever been obtained for any hydrographic basin.

The heat which is required to reconvert into vapor these 34 inches of water from our great hydrographic basin is as much as would be set free by a Cyclopean furnace during the consumption of 13,500,000,000,000 tons of coal. Yet the processes of nature are so wonderfully and exquisitely ordered, that the operation of converting this water into vapor and lifting it up is a cooling and refreshing operation, and not a heating or oppressive one.

Arrived here in our voyage of exploration, we perceive that we have reached a point from which many new vistas begin to open up before us. Behold now the offices and the adaptation of clouds and vapor. They do something more than fetch rain, brew storms, and send down thunder-bolts; they prevent the accumulation of heat on our planet by assisting the earth to send off its surplus caloric into the regions of space.

The amount of heat which is required to lift vapor enough from the sea to make 40 inches of rain all over the hydrographic basin of the Mississippi, is more than is bottled away in all the coal-fields of the country. The sea and air supplied it; the sun had accumulated it there; radiation could not carry it off—so it was given for the conversion of these 40 inches of water into vapor, and when that vapor was reconverted into rain, this immense amount of heat was set free in the clouds, thence to be dispensed aloft, for very little of it comes down to the earth again.

From these statements we infer that there is an annual accumulation of heat in the great hydrographic basin of the earth, which the powers of terrestrial radiation are not sufficient to send away, but which the forces of evaporation are called in to carry off, and that were these forces to be suspended from their offices in any one of these basins, for one year only, as in that of the Mississippi, for instance, it would become like an oven, with a climate so hot and feverish that few could withstand it.

Kind and benignant vapors!—in your marvelous and manifold offices you bring us refreshing showers, and carry away the excessive heat. It is your office to govern the force of the burning ray; but for your wonderful adaptations our magnificent river-basins would not teem with plenty, wealth, and happiness.

We shall consider more of these physical aspects at another time.

AMERICAN HYPERBOLE.

The Superlative is the favorite degree of comparison with the Americans. Their imagination seems to expand in proportion to the geographical magnitude of the country. As Sterne jocosely says of himself, they are so struck with the great works of Nature, they never make a comparison less than a mountain at least. Spaciousness of territory, height of mountains, and largeness of rivers, are no more characteristic of our continent, than expansiveness of vision, loftiness of aspiration, and copiousness of expression are of our people. Great efforts, and great results too, may come from these expansive qualities of American character. There are, however, some obvious effects of a different kind of which we have less reason to boast, and of these none is more remarkable than the habitual exaggeration of our people. You hear it in their everyday talk, you see it in their bearing, and we all suffer from it in their conduct.

The American tendency to exaggeration can not be better illustrated than by the grotesque humor that is so popular. Nothing pleases so much as an extravagance, and the greater its absurdity the more certain its effect. The description of a horse that traveled so fast that his rider fancied he was passing through a grave-yard, from the rapid succession of the mile-stones, is a specimen of what is called humor in America, but nowhere else. The description merely conveys an exaggerated absurdity. So, in such expressions as "whittling down the end of nothing," and "riding on a streak of lightning," there is nothing but pure extravagance, without the least appeal to the sense of humor. Yet so enamored are the Americans with this kind of absurdity, and so consonant is it, in its extravagance, with their taste for hyperbole, that it constantly makes up the whole of their talk, and not seldom the staple of their most popular books.

Exaggeration is the besetting sin of our literature and our rhetoric. Writers, whether of articles or books; and orators, whether of Congress or the lecture-room, are always pluming themselves for the loftiest flights. Plainness of style and simplicity of statement are not sufficiently stimulating to gratify the unnatural taste of our people for exaggeration. They have been brought up on such high food that they have no appetite for plain fare; and it must be acknowledged that, if they always insist on partridge (*toujours perdrix*), their public caterers never fail to supply them with it.

It is more particularly in our patriotic effusions that the characteristic exaggeration of Americans shows itself. It is there that the American eagle wings its boldest flights, and so rapidly passes beyond all possibility of human vision. We do not know that our people surpass the rest of the world in patriotism; but it is quite clear that they are more demonstrative in its display. The country is safe if it can secure as many strong arms to be lifted in its defense in time of need as there are loud voices raised in its praise in these piping days of peace. Are there any people in the world who, when speaking of themselves, use such magnificent adjectives as the Americans do? Is the word *great* so often self-appropriated as by them? We are a *great* people, our country is *great*, our statesmen are *great*, our progress is *great*, our wealth is *great*, our destiny is *great*, and beyond all, it may be said, without flattery, that our boasting is *great*. Even Alexander, god though he thought himself, grew tired of being called great, and checked his courtiers, saying, "What need is there of such flattery? are not the exploits of Alexander sufficiently meritorious in themselves without the gloss of falsehood?" The vanity of mighty Jonathan, however, is not so easily exhausted. He must not only be flattered for what he has done, but for what he hopes to do. He insists upon being told that he was great in the past and will be greater in the future. His pride expands under this cajolery, like our native swell-fish, which, when tickled first, bloats to an enormous size, and then subsides into a fatal collapse.

This exaggerated self-praise, apart from its bad taste, begets a presumptuous confidence, which leads to many a hasty and ill-advised undertaking, which a more judicious estimate of ourselves, and a more prudent regard to the occasion, might have prevented. How far may the popular "manifest destiny" doctrine be merely an emanation of our inflated national vanity? "Vain-glorious men," says Lord Bacon, "are the slaves of their own vanity;" and the truth of the remark has not been seldom illustrated in our past, and will, it is feared, be more abundantly so in our future. There is danger that the exaggeration of our greatness may commit us to proportionately extravagant undertakings, in which the conception will far surpass the performance.

Nor is it in national affairs alone that our characteristic exaggeration shows itself. It is a prominent feature in our social life, throwing out of proportion the whole conduct of society. We see it in the passion for gain, leading on eager speculation to ruin and dishonor. We see it in the overestimate of wealth, vulgarizing our tastes by personal ostentation and gross indulgence. We see it in the extremes of our daily life—in the overdone business, in the excess of dissipation, the extravagance of dress, the ultraism of fashion, and all the flaunting manifestations of our boasted national prosperity.

If we persist in exaggerating our might, we may, perhaps, be tempted to take higher steps and essay bolder flights; but with all our pompous strides and noisy fluttering, we shall probably not succeed in metamorphosing our geese into eagles, or our mole-hills into mountains. In fact, the louder the cackle and the more stilted the walk, the more apparent will be the absurdity of the attempt.

WANTED—A STRONG MAN.

Unless some very strong man, with strong troops at his back, be sent out to the Territory of Utah within a remarkably short space of time, we shall have, ere long, an actual war on American territory, with what result no one can tell, though it must be disastrous. It is now ascertained beyond question that the Mormons have appealed to force to exclude the United States officials sent to the Territory—have seized the property of the United States courts, and burned the records. There is no reason to doubt but these acts have been committed by the authority of the chosen rulers of the Territory.

Such acts constitute rebellion, and demand punishment. The Mormons have in fact abused our tolerance too long; it is time matters were brought to a head. We hope that Mr. Buchanan will perceive the necessity of sending to Utah one of our very strongest men—in nerve, knowledge, and skill—and of instructing him to avert otherwise inevitable calamities by enforcing law and civilization in the whole region bordering on Salt Lake.

SETTLEMENT OF THE SPANISH-MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

It is understood that the Spanish Government has been brought to its senses by remonstrances from France and England, and has abandoned for the present the Quixotic design of bombarding Vera Cruz. The idea was so absurd that it is difficult to understand how any reasonable statesman or Administration can ever have entertained it. The facts were simply these: Mexico owed Spain money; certain Spanish subjects had been maltreated in one of the chronic Mexican outbreaks. Now, to imagine that the capture or destruction of the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa would help Mexico to pay her debts or afford new security for Spaniards in Mexico, is so original a notion that its author ought to be made known as one of the creative minds of the age.

Mexico owes every one money. No foreigner's life or property is perfectly safe in all parts of the Mexican States. What, then, shall we do? Bombard these poor people because they wont pay up, and administer sound law faithfully? What Marshalsea-benighted folly is this!

As for Spain, who is as faithless as any Mexico—Spain, in whose cities Protestants are debarred from burial, and under whose flag, in defiance of treaty, with the connivance of the highest personages of the kingdom, the African slave trade is still carried on—the idea of Spain making war, for her dignity forsooth! The absurdity of the thing is sickening.

THE JAPANESE BOMBARDED.

It seems, from a report in a Dutch journal, that in January last two British ships of war forced their way into the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, bursting a chain with which it was closed, and anchored there in defiance of the Japanese authorities. We know nothing of the provocation which led to this decided measure, nor are we aware of the subsequent course of the British vessels.

The chances are that the Japanese, pursuing their traditional policy, have outraged some British vessels, and have been punished for it. The English have a great deal too much sense to deal in half-measures on occasions like these. And the ridiculous failure of our Japanese expedition has taught them the folly of mere conciliation.

WHO SHALL BE MINISTER TO ENGLAND?

Strange to say, there is very little debate in the daily press in reference to the foreign missions. This unusual quietude arises, in some degree, from a general impression that for the present the ministers appointed by Mr. Pierce will be allowed to remain where they are. But the chances are that this illusion will soon be dispelled. A general removal is imminent.

Of all the foreign missions, the most important is that to England; and a very nice inquiry arises—who is the fittest man to represent the country there under Mr. Buchanan? Mr. Dallas may be assumed to be out of the question, as well from personal considerations as from political exigencies. Mr. Marcy is understood to have declined going abroad. Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina, and Governor Aiken, from the same State, have been suggested. The latter would be a very excellent representative, but is not likely to receive such a favor at the hands of the Executive. The former has no paramount claim to a post of such honor and responsibility; a *chargé*-ship to Austria would perhaps reward him according to his deserts. Other names which have been mentioned have been uttered so discreetly that it were hardly proper to discuss them as yet.

But there is one name which has not yet been heard in connection with the mission to England, a name known to every school-boy in this country, and quite familiar to statesmen in every nation of Europe. That name is Senator Douglas, of Illinois.

A ripe statesman, tried in every sphere of domestic employ; a laborious senator, a brave man, undoubtedly the chief of his party under the President—Stephen A. Douglas is entitled, politically, to the mission to England if he would accept it, and among the Democrats to whom the Presidential choice is necessarily limited, perhaps no one is so likely to be chosen as he.

IS OUR TEA POISONED?

We notice that some of the daily papers have derided the idea of the teas we receive from China being poisoned. There may be error in this hasty disposal of the question. We know that the Chinese have poisoned the bread consumed by the residents of Hong Kong, and that several persons have narrowly escaped death in consequence; and we know that when the English held Chusan during the late war, an ingenious attempt was made to poison them all—the Emperor of China having offered a large reward to the successful poisoner of the outside barbarians. The Chinese dispatches, which were intercepted by the English and translated by Dr. Gutzlaff, make frequent mention of poison as a legitimate weapon of offense. We know further, that very many of the teas exported from China are doctored, in order to present a pretty appearance to the foreign purchaser; and that, by merely increasing the quantity of the chemicals used, the tea might be rendered a deadly poison. What, then, is there so ridiculous in the suspicion that the Chinese authorities, in their present straits, may have barbarously bethought themselves of a wholesale destruction of their foes, by poisoning a commodity which enters into the consumption of almost every Anglo-Saxon on the globe?

The device would be strictly consistent with Chinese policy.

The stock of teas in England and the United States is very large—perhaps enough to supply two years' consumption. But with regard to teas exported from China subsequently to the *démêlé* at Canton, we think it would evince only common prudence to have them chemically tested for poison before placing them in the market.

CHAT.

BULLS AND BEARS.

Suppose some enterprising compatriot of Hofer and Speehbacher, fresh from his native Tyrol, as ignorant as are many English geographers about transatlantic topography, were informed, when half seas over on his voyage to the land of liberty, that the very locality to which he must first make his way after getting ashore, if he would have his thalers and groschen changed into dollars and cents, was dreadfully invested with bulls and bears! How his fearful misgivings as to the howling wilderness which he all along suspected America to be, in spite of glowing letters of invitation from his naturalized kinsmen, would deepen into assurance doubly sure. How he would grasp his rifle as his truest friend, and look forward to sport as exciting as ever tempted his perilous chase after the chamois over the hills of the Finstermunz! Imagine him again, actually landed and under the shadow of Trinity, slowly awaking to the consciousness that the elderly gentleman turning the corner into Wall Street is the oldest and most dreaded Bear in the vicinity; and that the amiable citizen just driving past in his *coupé* is a well-known Bull, whose horns are only occasional, and never before dinner!

For our own part, were we doomed to undergo metamorphosis into either of these species of quadrupeds, we had rather be Bulls than Bears. The Bull is a hopeful, enthusiastic animal. He is perpetually ruminating upon the shreds of some lucky hit, and chewing the cud of the last successful speculation. He is buoyed up by the perpetual prospect of a rising market, and is forever anticipating the day when Confidence, that coy nymph, wooed with as much ardor as was ever the fabled Europa, shall reward his hopes in the Arcadia of "commercial prosperity." The Bear, on the contrary, thrives on the misfortunes of mankind. Shipwreck and disaster, failures and frauds, revulsions and convulsions—whatever tends to upset, and unsettle, and destroy—these are the thickets through which he prowls for his prey, and every token of a coming storm excites him to a jubilant growl. He snuffs Revolution with delight, and scents a general collapse with expanded nostrils. Unhappy mortal, for whom the only good time coming is every body's worst time! What a dismal fellow he must be! Does he ever smile? Does he ever dine out? Does he know the difference between St. Julien and Chateau Cos? Invite him to your house and see.

Is there a verdant reader of our Chat who does not recognize in the Bull, the Wall Street Broker who operates for a rise, and seeks to toss the shifting securities in which he deals to the highest point of appreciation; and in the Bear, the opposing party who operates for a fall, and bears down upon every stock in market? If any, speak, for him have we enlightened. No response. Unhappily, on this subject, the little learning which is a particularly dangerous thing is possessed by almost every body. The third estate of the Outsiders outnumbers the Bulls and Bears, and upon them the latter feed and fatten. Who is there that has never been tempted to take a plunge into the Charybdis of Wall Street speculation, and known the time when with trembling hand he opened the daily paper and turned over its fluttering sheet to that cabalistic record of abbreviations and figures, which chronicled the varying fortunes of the Stock Exchange?

Beloved Outsiders, be content with seven per cent. per annum, and let the Bulls and Bears alone. What is sport to them is death to you.

But it is tempting beyond a doubt. To cast your venture on the wave, and watch the ebb and flow of the tide until the expected flood catches it and sweeps it up to the highest hoped-for mark and beyond, and you count your profits day by day at a rate which shames the yearly product of a similar sum on bond and mortgage; then hold your breath while the retiring current snatches it back again to the starting-point, and far below it, and you see it whirling out of sight in some sudden vortex, a total loss—all this is exciting and enticing; for when did the elixir of Chance ever lose its sparkle or its strength.

A fresh story, which dates from Beebee's, may help us to a point and a moral. A country clergyman found his way to that emporium of gold dust, specie, and exchange, and proposed leaving an order for purchases of stock. The safest securities on the list were suggested to his clerical notice as most desirable and prudent. But our friend would not be suited. They were good, but not what he wanted, and what he did want he did not seem to know himself. Why not was a mystery, until, wearied with recommendations of State stocks and bonds, and other like offers, out came the secret: "The fact is, I don't want any of these; *I want you to give me some of those things that go up and down!*"

Shade of George Herbert! a country parson bent on having a "flyer" in Wall Street!

THE TRIUMPHS OF EBLING.

On Commissioner Ebling
'Tis clearly no use
For our grumbling New Yorkers
To heap their abuse;
If they throw dirt at him,
He can nip in the bud
The assault by just plunging them
All in the mud!

The press led its columns
In league with his foes,
But he routed them soon
When it once came to *blows*.
His March was triumphant,
For own it we must,
It made his worst enemies
All *bite the dust!*

URNS OR SLOP JARS?

If they surmounted the massive cornice which overlooks the northeast corner of Broadway and Broome Street, we should say, decidedly, the latter, as indicative of the various patterns of those useful articles to be found in the spacious warerooms below; but perched on top of Bowen & McNamee's new store we conjecture the former. Do they belong to the genus of the urn funereal, the urn votive, or simply the urn ornamental? Or is there intended any remote reference to the uncounted profits *earned* underneath? In either case the architectural fitness of surmounting a massive six-story marble building with decorations which belong, by association at least, chiefly to garden walls or parlor niches remains an open one.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

If all the world is a stage, and the men and women on it are players, I must say that the portion of it known as the Broadway lines of omnibuses is devoted to the light-comedy business. Every body who has attended theatres much knows what the fine old English comedy is. Every body remembers the chaste works of Messrs. Congreve and Farquhar, and the fine vein of morality running through them. The charming women, whose girdles are continually becoming unloosed; and the gay young Bellamonts, who murder rivals and seduce maidens, in elegant pantaloons and with a delightful smile on their countenances. Assignations, elopements, duels, thefts, lies, conspiracies—such are the features of the comic side of life with which those gay authors present us. Gracious Heaven! were there ever such people? Was there ever such a society?

I am very much afraid there was; and, what is still worse, I am very much afraid that posterity has inherited all those pleasant ancestral manners, only that the men, instead of being called Bellamont, and going to the devil in tight pantaloons and rapier, are called Snooks, and go to Wall Street in Raglans and stove-pipe hats.

Any body who chooses may, at the expense of six cents, see those Congrevian heroes playing their light-comedy parts in the Broadway stages. The men are just as bold, if less jaunty, as of old; and the women are just as loose about the girdle. To divest the subject of all allegory, I simply state, in my capacity of a man about town, that the omnibuses of this city are fast becoming places of assignation; places where chance rencontres are had, which ripen into vicious intimacies; where impudent men not unfrequently outrage modest women, and intriguers of the old school of comedy display themselves to an admiring audience. Who is it that has not, at some period or other, observed this comedy of intrigue in the omnibus? The sedate and well-dressed Lothario returning up-town from his business; the sudden entry of some dashing-looking woman, whose hoops are marvelous in dimensions; the *œillades* passing from the one to the other; the significant coughs; the feet that grope after other feet in the straw; the getting out of the lady, and the getting out of the gentleman immediately afterward. All this is so palpable, leads so evidently to intrigue, and is of such frequent occurrence, that before long ladies will find it to their disadvantage to be seen in omnibuses.

While I am on the question of proprieties, I may as well make a passing reference to an odious set of scoundrels, who are the greatest possible nuisance to ladies walking in Broadway. Every body knows the St. Bobolink Hotel—the St. Bobolink, with its marble, and its bridal chamber, and its rich furniture. Well, every body passing the St. Bobolink about four o'clock in the afternoon will be struck by the crowd of disreputable-looking men who stand on the stoop of the chief entrance, staring at the passers-by. Every man has a dyed mustache, every man is picking his teeth, and every man has a big ring on his dirty hand or a big pin in his shirt bosom. You may imagine, from those things, that the men alluded to are very rich, very fashionable, and that they have just been dining at the St. Bobolink. No such thing. They are, one and all, gamblers and blacklegs, and do not dine at the St. Bobolink, but only come there to pick their teeth on the steps, and stare every lady out of countenance who passes. I have heard ladies declare that they would rather be at the storming of the Malakoff Tower than have to pass that formidable congregation of brutal, sensual, leering eyes. New York young gentlemen have already associated themselves into a self-protecting society, I would respectfully suggest that they now get up another association, to be entitled the "Sister-protecting Society," and that their first duty shall be to proceed in sufficient numbers to the St. Bobolink Hotel, and cane away all the gamblers and ruffians that infest its portico.

A STORY FOR APRIL.

Spring brings with it pleasant associations, and sometimes pleasant incidents. I think that hearts somehow get green, like the trees, in this season. The balmy airs, the pure, smiling skies, the gentle impulses of the awaking earth, can not fall in vain upon even the most *blasé* natures. The first of April is notoriously devoted to jocularities of an innocent nature; and it would seem as if every body was bound to laugh in this month to keep the skies company. April also brings with it pleasing occupations. People find it time to stir about their spring clothing. Dimes is at present in a state of considerable agitation relative to a suit in which he intends making his *début* for the season. The pattern of this suit is quiet and elegant—a pale-buff cloth with a purple stripe. The important question which Dimes is revolving is, whether he will wear on his trowsers the stripe in front or at the side, which last is the usual fashion. I believe that he has lain awake several nights reflecting on the matter. I, to settle the question, suggested that he should wear the stripe neither at the side nor in front, but behind.

But I had a little anecdote to relate, suitable to the season, and I must apologize for having been led into a digression. A little girl, whom people may have observed selling violets around the New York Hotel, offered a bunch, the other day, to a gentleman and lady who were staying at that establishment, as they were returning from a walk.

"Please buy my violets, Sir," said the little one, holding up a purple bunch that still seemed to have the dew upon it. "Please buy my violets—only sixpence a bunch."

"No; go away, child," said the lady, rather harshly; "I don't want them."

"My dear," remarked the gentleman, mildly, "you have spoken rather harshly to the poor child. See, her eyes are filled with tears."

The lady looked round. The little violet girl, whose eyes were dark as the flowers she sold, was weeping silently. In an instant Mrs. Y.'s warm, Southern nature gushed out, and turning back, she clasped the poor little child in her arms, and endeavored to assuage her grief.

"How very, very like our poor Alfred this child is!" said Mrs. Y., looking attentively in the face of the poor violet girl. Alfred was their only son, who had come on to New York some five or six years ago, where he died of dissipation.

Mr. Y., attracted by his wife's exclamation, examined the little girl attentively.

"There is a strong likeness," he replied.

They questioned her. She had little to tell. Her mother and father were both dead. What was her name? She was not certain, but her father's name was Y——. It was enough. The old lady and gentleman took the child between them in a carriage, and straightway drove to the house of her grandmother, with whom she said she lived. There they discovered that their son had absolutely been married, some time before his death, to a pretty sewing-girl, who did not very long survive him, and who died, leaving behind her this one child. Mr. and Mrs. Y—— were rich and childless. This little creature, ragged and uneducated, was more welcome to them than a fortune. She was instantly washed and dressed, and teachers had for her. Her fortunes changed as the season changed. It had been winter with her for a long time, and it was now May. I have no doubt but, in a few years more, I shall have, perhaps, the pleasure of dancing with her at some ball in Fifth Avenue.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Rome, *February* 28, 1857.

After five years' travel and residence in Italy, I thought, the other day, I had found a new thing in Italian character—viz., a case of jolly drunkenness in one of the nation, in a public conveyance. I was on my way to Leghorn from Florence, in the cars, when there entered an individual, singing in high voice, talking thick Italian, and making himself most amusingly familiar in the funniest of drunken moods, with the company at large. But he proved to be a Scotchman; so my opinion of the universal sobriety and civility of traveling Italians still remains unchanged.

Few of my stay-at-home countrymen can have any correct idea of the vexations attending locomotion in Italy. I will give them an instance. The distance between Florence and Naples *via* Rome is about the same as between Boston and Philadelphia *via* New York. In the latter case, you have but to think of your carpet-bag ten minutes before you start, and in about twenty hours, and at an expense of say ten dollars, you go from the Pilgrim City to the Quaker metropolis without asking leave of any one but your—wife, if you have that blessing. Now look at the Italian side of the picture. I had a sudden call to go to Naples. It takes one day to get the necessary permission from the police. To reach Naples by land occupies five days, requires *twenty-two visés*, or examinations, of your passport, not less than *seven* of your valise, and an expenditure of fees, etc., of in all eight dollars, which, added to the road expenses, makes a total of forty dollars—*i. e.*, time in traveling in Italy and America, over a given distance, is as five to one, and expense, four to one. No one who has not undergone the purgatory of police-bureaus in the road and custom-house officials, can have any conception of the annoyance and delay they occasion. Brigandage, in the individual line, has mostly died out in Italy; but it has been reorganized by the governments, who, through their employés, seek to attain the maximum of extortion, in one form and another, from travelers without absolutely interdicting all international intercourse. But our own countrymen's hands are not clean in this particular. Formerly, the American Minister at Rome appointed an Englishman to act as United States Consul at Civita Vecchia, a port in which the American mercantile flag is *never* displayed. This gentleman's business was confined solely to levying a tax of one dollar a head on every American who passed through this place on his way to or from Rome. Mr. Marcy very properly put an end to this imposition; but this winter it has been reorganized, and a Mr. Mortimer, claiming to be the Consul of the United States, by the connivance of the police, extorts a dollar from each of his compatriots for the privilege of going on to Rome; where, upon arrival, another American visé must be added to their passports, for which formerly we paid another dollar, but which Mr. Cass of late has affixed gratis. Add to these unnecessary impediments a gauntlet of beggars, pimps, and pestiferous postillions, with a mighty array of fleas, and some half dozen domestics at each inn, to satisfy, each and all combining with the landlords to lie to you in every way and bleed you to the uttermost—I have paid thirty cents for the privilege of washing my hands and face previous to sitting down to a breakfast charged as a full dinner—and you may form some slight conception of the shade-side of journeying on classical soil. How great, therefore, must be its attractions when, in one moment of its clear sunshine, its noble scenery, or its artistic and historical associations, all these annoyances disappear from the mind, leaving it joyous and exhilarated, and eager to encounter fresh perils of the road-side at the chance of being similarly recompensed.

It has always surprised me that the dinner system of the French steamers on the Mediterranean has not been introduced on our Atlantic boats. In the English and American steamboats the profusion of meats, pastries, vegetables, etc., on the dinner-table, is something appalling. It literally groans beneath variety and abundance, thrust higgledy-piggledy on, the passengers left to carve for themselves, roasts, boils, fries, stews, bakes, and broils, all in one confused mass; no system among the waiters, no napkins, no elbow-room; in short, the *tout ensemble* of an Atlantic steamer's dinner-table is about as unrefined and piggish a spectacle as well can be conceived of civilized beings. All this is avoided in Continental boats, simply by serving one course at a time, carved *away* from the table, and passed to each of the passengers in turn. Fewer waiters suffice to do the work; there is abundance of room on the table, which, spread with fruit or flowers, looks cheerful and *appetitish*; the meats are served hot; there is no victimizing of a few passengers as carvers for the rest, losing their dinners in consequence; each article is properly served to all; time given for mastication and conversation; in short, under this system, we eat like Christians, and under the other, like beasts. Pray, Messrs. Editors, as you are always ready to aid civilization, suggest to the agents of our Havre and Liverpool lines to secure a competent Mediterranean steward for one of their boats and give the system a trial. My word for it, ladies and gentlemen would thank them, while they would economize in food and service; for the present system is wasteful in the extreme, besides being disgusting.

Cicerone.

HON. HOWELL COBB, OF GA. SEC. OF THE TREAS.
HON. JOHN B. FLOYD OF VA. SECRETARY OF WAR.
HON. ISAAC TOUCEY OF CONN. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
HON. LEWIS CASS OF MICHIGAN SECRETARY OF STATE.
HON. JACOB THOMPSON SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
HON. AARON V. BROWN OF TENNESSEE POSTMASTER GENERAL.
HON. JUDGE BLACK OF PENNSYLVANIA ATTORNEY GENERAL.
THE CABINET

THE NEW CABINET.

OUR readers will no doubt be glad to make the acquaintance of the members of the new Cabinet. The venerable face of the veteran Cass has long been familiar to every one; but his six colleagues may be strangers to a good many among the rising generation. The likenesses, we are enabled to state, are perfect, and do great credit to Mr. Brady, of this city, from whose photographs they are designed.

Of the seven, two only have held executive office under the General Government before—General Cass and Mr. Toucey. Thorough *vieux de la vieille*, these patriarchs have laid three generations under the sod, yet are as fresh and as vigorous as their own grandchildren. Their combined ages fall but little short of a century and a half; but they have hardened in harness, and we hear that they find it no easy matter to procure clerks able to keep pace with them in labor.

What a lifetime to look back upon has theirs been! To look at their bronzed and time-worn features is to leap back at a bound half a century; to revive the story of Burr and his conspiracy, which possibly might have succeeded but for Mr. Cass's energy; to transport us into the midst of the old conflicts of Republicans and Federalists, of which latter party Mr. Toucey, then a ripe young man, was a noted leader; to refresh memories of the long breathing time and patient endurance before the war; to recall the well-thumbed story of the surrender of Detroit, of the cowardice of Hull, and of the broken sword of Captain Cass; to picture the old, old times when Michigan, and Illinois, and the West were a mere desert—swamp and forest, forest and swamp—with a few Indians thrown in merely for artistic effect; to place us side by side with the stirring ferment of which the beacon-lights on New England bluffs and the Hartford Convention were the outward and visible signs! What a history there must be in the memories of those two old men, and how good a thing it would be for them to write it!

Lewis Cass is, in some sort, a monumental figure. No man has filled so large a place in American history. Starting with the conspiracy of Burr, there is not an event of moment in the affairs of the nation with which his name is not linked. He drew the law which stopped Burr's men and boats. He advised and helped execute the invasion of Canada. He was the father of Michigan, and, so to say, the patriarch of that great Western territory which is the apple of the eye of the Union. He made three-fourths of the treaties by which the land was acquired from the Indians. He gave the instructions which thwarted the Secessionists of South Carolina. He defeated the English pretensions to a right of search of all vessels on the high seas, and thus averted an inevitable war with England. He wrote the letter on which the compromise measures of 1850 were based. He is justly regarded as the father of the great doctrine of squatter sovereignty, on which alone the territories of the United States can be peaceably developed. Where shall we find such another record?

A man of shrewd, practical common sense, and great capacity for labor; so active in mind that, in the midst of Senatorial duties, he could still find time for contributions to newspapers, and keep up a stupendous correspondence; to friends, genial, kindly, faithful to all lengths; affable to all, and never forgetting his father, the blacksmith; in private life, an exemplar of morality, severe, staid, frugal; no ultraist in opinions, but a man wise in his generation, acknowledging something good in most things and most men; his predominating qualities, in old age, perhaps, shrewdness and caution. A good man for Secretary of State.

Among his twenty-one predecessors we have seen the flower of the nation. Six of them became, in due course, Presidents. But it is doubtful whether history will not award the higher fame to some of those whom the nation did not endow with its highest prize. Many Presidents will rank, in after times, beneath Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Marcy, and Cass. In the language of an orator, youthful Patagonians, freshly annexed to this Republic, will some day learn *their* speeches and *their* great writings by heart, when the schoolmaster himself shall have forgotten the names of Adams, Tyler, and Pierce.

Socially, Mr. Cass's triumphs were won at the hospitable board of Louis Philippe, where he was at all times a welcome guest. The two men resembled each other in many leading points of character. Mr. Cass, it is said, was present at that famous whist-party, when the King took a candle from the table to look for a five-franc piece which had rolled away, and Talleyrand offered to light the monarch with a five hundred franc note, which he twisted into the shape of a match and kindled. But the American Minister did not see the joke. Cass's portrait is said to have hung many a day in the collection of Louis Philippe, with Jackson's and Washington's. This shows how the man was esteemed, for, as a work of art, the venerable face is not remarkable. It is perhaps more suited to that hotel keeper at Washington, who so often passes for Mr. Cass, and whose resemblance has frequently led vivacious young gentleman to accost the General, "Say, old boy, where are you going to put me to-night?"

Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut, is a fine type of the old New England gentleman. Bred a Federalist of the straitest sect, he went over with the marrow of the party to the Jackson camp, and has ever since been a sturdy champion of the democracy. Socially, he shines; well-informed, courteous, affable, he is a delightful companion—if you can thaw him. The ice is sometimes thick. Because he had been chosen to fill Clifford's place as Attorney-General at the close of Mr. Polk's administration, it was taken for granted that he would occupy the same station under Buchanan; but he has dropped into the navy department.

It is, in some respects, an easy berth—one of routine duty rather than excessive responsibility. It rewarded the literary eminence of Bancroft and Kennedy, and beguiled the leisure of excellent John Y. Mason. Since the "dropping" commission the duties have become more arduous; Mr. Dobbin, we are told, is worn out. Mr. Toucey inaugurates his reign with a great enterprise of peace; he sends the *Niagara* to lay the telegraph cable. May he perform no task less useful to humanity!

To most practical intents, the office of Secretary of the Treasury is the most important in the Cabinet. It was so in the beginning, though from a different cause. Then the Treasury was the place of honor, because we were so poor; it is so now on account of our overflowing wealth. So we put Hamilton there in 1789, and Cobb in 1857. Hamilton, at thirty-two, proved himself as shrewd a financier as he was an able statesman and a skillful soldier. Cobb, at forty-two, has a severe task before him to sustain the character he has won as a Congressional leader, for he was the greatest party leader in Congress. Others have been more eloquent, some more learned, some more cunning, many as urbane; but combine the qualities—oratory, learning, shrewdness, and courteous suavity—and Cobb has not a rival.

When they made Mr. Cobb Solicitor-General of the Western Circuit of Georgia, at twenty-two, as a civility to his family, he astonished people by proving himself the ablest official that circuit had known for a generation. From that moment his fortune was made. With his common sense his movement in favor of the Union party was a necessity: the rest followed without endeavor on his part. We in the North, perhaps, remember him best by the long and severe contest in which he won the Speakership over the head of Mr. Winthrop. But it will also be remembered to his credit that he used his victory honorably, fairly, to his opponents; and in New York, at all events, there are some who have not forgotten the noble speech he made in this city at the Crystal Palace banquet in 1853. So well, indeed, have these worthy recollections of Mr. Cobb been preserved, that, when his name was mentioned for a Cabinet office, the North decidedly gave him the preference over all candidates for the Secretaryship of State.

There is a reliableness about him which charms men. He gives, never asks advice. It is fashionable to call him obstinate; that is, he is self-reliant, and does his own thinking.

As Secretary of the Treasury, we can find in his speech of 1844, on the tariff, the leading principles which will mark his policy. But, in truth, in the present condition of financial affairs, there is no room for originality in national finance. Better than Guthrie he can not well do; nor can he hope in his present office to win a higher name than he has already. It will suffice to maintain it.

It is a great relief to think that the War Department is in the hands of Governor Floyd; for who knows what may grow out of all these Central American complications, Cuban excitements, and European perturbations generally? To speak plainly, we have had since our national birth about as poor a set of war ministers as any nation of our size and pretensions. Honorable exception must be made in favor of John C. Calhoun, who organized the War Department, Mr. Cass, Mr. Marcy, and, perhaps, one or two others; but how many have filled the office who have been positively a disgrace to the country! Suppose we had been engaged in a war under Mr. Pierce—it was hardly the President's fault that we were not—what could have been expected for our arms with a Commander-in-Chief and a Secretary of War absolutely tearing each other by the hair? What did any expect who heard Mr. Jefferson Davis's speech at the Crystal Palace banquet?

Now, at all events, we can sleep soundly. Mr. Floyd, as every body knows, is an F. F. V., and the soul of honor accordingly; if he quarrels with any one, he will conduct the quarrel like a gentleman, and not like a drab. He has already given great satisfaction to the army by some preliminary official measures; army officers expect great things of him. The Commander-in-Chief can officiate with satisfaction under the son of one of his oldest friends.

The senior of the Cabinet, after Cass and Toucey, is the Hon. Aaron Venables Brown, or as Colonel Benton loved to call him, with cheap wit, the Hon. Aaron Vicarious Brown. He is a Tennessean, and derives his chief fame for having had Jackson's Texas letter addressed to him; though he has been an active politician, great at drawing resolutions, drafting platforms, and swaying political meetings. Having been once Governor of his State, it is civil to call him Governor Brown. He is in the Post-office. It has been regretted that Mr. Buchanan did not choose a younger man to preside over the forty thousand post-offices scattered throughout the country, and to begin the work of cleansing the Augean stable. But though Governor Brown is sixty-two, he will pass easily for fifty; and it will not do to presume upon senility in him. They have a way of not growing old in Tennessee. Governor Brown has the reputation of being a very hard-working man. This alone will go far to guarantee his efficiency. But he must not expect to be popular. So long as the present postal system is in force no Postmaster can; and the chief reward a good officer can expect is the approbation of his own conscience, and of the few who can appreciate the difficulties of his position.

Of the two remaining Cabinet Ministers there is very little to be said. Judge Black, a ripe judge, full of sound learning, succeeds to a post of no common importance, and one which has tested the merits of the greatest lawyers in the country. Opinions are divided upon the merits of his predecessor. That he was a vigorous writer and a tolerably clear thinker is plain enough; but the enlistment business and the filibuster cases have not helped his fame.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, who takes charge of the bureau of the Interior, is a middle-aged man, young enough to learn and to rise higher. His past career has exhibited no higher performance than a creditable term in Congress. But he is not identified with the ultra secessionists; he possesses strong common sense; he is industrious; so we may hope well of him.

Altogether, though in point of shining individual talent the new Cabinet has been surpassed in our history, it will compare in the aggregate with its predecessors. It is likely to be harmonious; it is pretty likely to be efficient; and there is every reason to believe it will be honest.

ROBERT J. WALKER.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

MORE than usual importance attaches to the appointment of Mr. Robert J. Walker as Governor of Kansas. In the troubled condition of that Territory the appointment of a new Governor would be an event of moment, independently of personal considerations affecting the man chosen. But the chief significance of this appointment arises out of the rank of Robert J. Walker in American politics. He has filled, and may again fill, a Cabinet office. To accept the governorship of a territory, appears to be aspiring to descend. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Walker was induced to accept the post by the conviction—a conviction shared by the President—that, in the present conjuncture of affairs, the Governorship of Kansas was the post of honor and the post of danger. We have reason to believe that he was selected some time before the Inauguration, and that the selection was a fortunate one, as it meets the unanimous approval of the chiefs of the Presidential party, while it gives pretty general satisfaction to their opponents. Under the circumstances, we have thought that a brief sketch and portrait of Mr. Walker would be of interest at the present moment.

Abroad, and especially in England, Mr. Walker is, perhaps, the most advantageously known of all contemporary American statesmen. He owes this distinction chiefly to the elaborate Treasury Reports which he gave to the world during his term as Mr. Polk's Secretary of the Treasury. These have been collected by the British government, and republished in a volume, at the public expense, for the instruction and guidance of British economists. They are constantly quoted in Parliament, and referred to by writers on political economy. But they are not the only effusions of Mr. Walker's which have made their mark abroad. When Mr. Pierce was inaugurated, he desired to avail himself of the abilities of Mr. Walker, and offered him the mission to China, with the title of Commissioner. Mr. Walker accepted the offer, and drew up, for the information of the Cabinet, a statement of his views regarding the policy which the United States ought to pursue in that quarter of the globe. Private reasons prevented Mr. Walker's departure for China, and he staid at home. But, by some accident, the note of his views found its way into the hands of some members of the British Government, who immediately pronounced it to be the most statesmanlike document ever penned on the Chinese question. It struck them so forcibly, that Lord Napier was specially instructed to endeavor to bring about the reappointment of Mr. Walker as minister to China. It is not unlikely that the delay which intervenes between Mr. Walker's appointment and his departure for the Territory may be due to Lord Napier's interference.

The life of Robert J. Walker has been active, and, like that of many of our distinguished men, a striking instance of precocious development. Born in 1801, he was a graduate with honors at 18, a lawyer at 20, a member of the State Democratic Committee at 21, Chairman of Committee at 22, the nominor of General Jackson for President at 23, and, at that juvenile age, the acknowledged leader of the Pennsylvania democracy. Born and bred in the North, allied by marriage to one of Pennsylvania's noblest families—the Baches—Mr. Walker has won his virile honors as the representative of a Southern State. He was 25 when he removed to Mississippi, and settled down to the practice of his profession. For ten years he steadily adhered to a private vocation, giving to his party the aid of his talents when it required them, but refusing political office. In 1836 he was sent to the Senate, and his national life began. His career as a senator is chiefly remembered by his manly efforts in favor of the recognition of Texas. The debate on the resolution declaring Texas an independent State, and the close division—23 for, and 19 against, the resolution (Mr. Buchanan, by the way, voted with the noes)—are well remembered by those who take an interest in the politics of the country. Nor has every one forgotten the fine answer of Mr. Walker to the Texan embassadors, when they solicited his bust for the capitol of the State of Texas. "In my own name, and for my poor services," wrote Mr. Walker, "I could never accept your proposition. It was as a representative of the wishes of the people of Mississippi that I moved and advocated, in consonance with my own feelings and judgment, the recognition of your independence. My name must soon be forgotten in connection with this or any other transaction; but be it long remembered that it was a representative of the State of Mississippi who, in the hour of your deepest gloom and danger, predicted your success, when not a voice in Congress had been raised in your behalf." At a later period, when he had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the democracy of Mississippi, he wrote, in reply to inquiries from Kentucky, his famous Texas letter, which formed the basis of the policy under which that State was admitted to the Union. Mr. Walker may, in fact, be regarded as the foster-father of Texas; may he be equally fortunate with Kansas!

One of the most able and unswerving advocates of the Independent Treasury System, Mr. Walker was entitled to the seat in the Cabinet which was offered him by Mr. Polk. Of his reports we have spoken already; he was the first able, outspoken advocate of free trade in that position, and beyond doubt he contributed more largely than any other man to disseminate the economical doctrines which now command the assent of a majority of the people of the United States.

This was his last public service. Deeply imbued with the progressive spirit which marks the typical American citizen, he embraced the project of a trans-continental railroad with ardor. He became the chief officer of the Company to which Texas was to donate untold acres of land in return for a railroad to California. As we have no political purpose to serve, and no favor to seek, we have no hesitation in saying that the act damaged Mr. Walker in the eyes of the people. Rightly or wrongly, the Pacific Railroad Company was viewed as a stock-jobbing operation, and parties concerned were tainted with the peculiar fragrance which stock-jobbing exhales. There is reason to believe that Mr. Walker, whose interest was that of a great mind grasping the *ensemble* of a magnificent scheme, and disdaining details, was, to some extent, the victim in the affair. When the Pacific Railroad is actually built—whatever corporation performs the work—it may be taken for granted that the scheme will be carried out in accordance with the plans laid down by Robert J. Walker.

Exchanging our retrospective for a prospective glance, what a future Mr. Walker has before him! He is in the prime of life—just fifty-six; he can afford to disdain the promptings of mere ephemeral ambition; his fortune, we presume, is ample; his fame is catholic. Let us suppose that he succeeds in pacifying Kansas, and piloting it into the Union on terms which will coincide with public anticipation, and which alone are consistent with the meridian of the Territory. Let us assume that he will put an end to the sempiternal squabbles of the Free-state men and Pro-slavery men, armed invaders and border ruffians, Sharp's rifles from the East and bowie-knives from the West. And let us contemplate him—this great work achieved, and the State of Kansas fairly enrolled among the proud commonwealths of America—turning his energies to the next great difficulty which may beset the Republic, and grappling with it in his old, bold way. What reward would be too high for such a man?

LITERARY.

LIFE IN ISRAEL; or, Portraitures of Hebrew Character, *by Maria T. Richards*. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

A series of historical pictures, in which the author seeks to make the reader familiar with the daily life and habits of the ancient Jews, by relating stories of them and their times founded on the principal incidents in Jewish history. Nothing can be more interesting than the attempt to make ourselves acquainted with the personal characteristics of other nations, especially of older nations; and nothing would tend more to a practical and thorough faith in the great truths of the Christian religion, which relates as well to the old as the new dispensation, than a knowledge of Jewish customs of daily life, and a habit of thinking of Moses and David, and Peter and Paul, as men of like passions with ourselves.

MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS, *by Dr. Doran*. 2 vols. New York: Redfield.

Dr. Doran's name is alone sufficient to warrant the expectation of full repayment for reading a book. In these volumes he excels himself. Brilliant, witty, and amusing, sparkling with humor, and full of pleasant talk, they are altogether such

books as one loves for a companion, and which, once opened, it is exceedingly difficult to lay down.

The number of monarchs who have, perforce or voluntarily, resigned their crowns, is vastly greater than we are accustomed to believe. Those of England and Scotland are numerous, of France still more; but Dr. Doran, with scholarly ability and with great faithfulness to history, seeks subjects for his pencil also in the Eastern empire, Russia, Scandinavia, and all the European powers in succession, not neglecting those instances nearer to our own time and connections that first suggest themselves to us. His sketch of the last years of Napoleon's life is not free from English prejudice, which ought to be beneath such a mind as our author's; but, at the same time, his incidents are so graphically related, that the picture of St. Helena is one of the finest that has yet been painted.

Prose Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Ticknor & Fields publish Longfellow's prose works in uniform style with their small and beautiful edition of his poems. These four volumes, in very handsome style, contain the entire works of Professor Longfellow in a most compact and elegant form, suitable for a present or a drawing-room table book, and especially for a traveling companion. They are admirably printed, and bound with great taste as well as with reference to durability.

Illinois as it is; Its History, Geography, etc., *by Frederick Gerhard.* Chicago: Keen & Lee. New York: Fowler & Wells.

If this volume contains a tenth part of what its title-page states (and it appears to contain all), it must be a complete book of reference for any person desirous of becoming acquainted with Illinois. The prairie and wood map, and the geological map, which are two of four maps in the book, have permanent and decided value, while the whole work belongs to a class which we take pleasure in announcing as indicative of the growth of our country, and as making certain the preservation of much of its local and other history which would otherwise be totally lost.

In a recent number of this journal, under "Notes and Queries," notice was made of a *new* language, whose formation and progress is just now to be watched with much interest. This is in the *Sierra Leone* and Liberia settlements on the African coast. Comparatively few, even of scientific men, know that among the negroes of Guiana—more particularly of Surinam, or Dutch Guiana—a new language, of the composite order, has been for some time perfecting itself—that is to say, gaining in independent integrity. Some years ago, a grammar of the "Negro-English," as this language is called, was constructed by a Mr. *Wullschlägel.* This was published in June last. And within the past month the same gentleman has given to the German world-of-letters a complete dictionary of Negro-English and German. In the introductory portion of this, the author gives us some interesting particulars concerning this language, to which he has found it advisable to lend the dignity and permanence accruing from the possession of a Grammar and Dictionary. It is known that Surinam is still slave territory. Originally, says Mr. Wullschlägel, there were two Negro dialects. The first, called by the negroes themselves *Ningre-tongo,* or Negro tongue, is that now in common use. The other, called *Djoe-tongo,* which means *Jewish* language, is spoken only by the free tribes, the Saramakans, who inhabit Upper Surinam. It is called Jew language, from the fact that the settlers under whose influence this language found its being, were chiefly Portuguese Jews.

The *Ningre-tongo* is derived from the English, Hollandish, Portuguese, and French. There are also many words of African origin. So greatly changed have been, however, most of these words, that it is often a matter of difficulty to trace them to their origin. From this we judge that the new language must have already a definite and independent existence. The Grammar and Dictionary will prove very useful to the Moravian missionaries who labor among the negro population of Surinam. There are already, we understand, translations of parts of the Bible and of Tracts in the *Ningretongo.* We are not informed why the language is called Negro-English. Negro-Dutch we should judge to be a more proper appellation.

At a late meeting of the Geographical Society in London, Cardinal Wiseman exhibited a book, just published in Rome, by Professor Garracci, with the engraving of a representation lately discovered in the Palace of the Cæsars on the Aventine, scratched by some enemy of the Christians. It represents our Saviour with an ass's head, crucified, and a man standing by it; near it, in Greek, "Alexamenos adores God." The early date of this monument—apparently about the time of the Antonines—shows the existence of Christianity in the palace, and the calumnies propagated by the Roman authors. It is well known that the Basilidians and the Gnostics asserted that the Christians worshiped a god with an ass's head.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

The Hon. Robert J. Walker has published a letter to the President, accepting the Governorship of Kansas, and giving his reasons. The following passage contains the pith of the letter:

"I understand that you and all your Cabinet cordially concur in the opinion expressed by me, that the actual *bona fide* residents of the Territory, by a fair and regular vote, unaffected by fraud or violence, must be permitted, in adopting their State Constitution, to decide for themselves what shall be their social institutions. This is the great fundamental principle of the act of Congress organizing that Territory, affirmed by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is in accordance with the views uniformly entertained and expressed by me throughout my public career."

It is understood that the government will be carried on in accordance with the Territorial law passed over Governor Geary's head, and that the election will be held according to its provisions. Governor Walker anticipates that Kansas will be a free State. He therefore assumes that the Free-State men will recede from the position they have taken, and will frankly take part in the election. Governor Walker still remains at Washington; his secretary, Mr. Stanton, is about to leave for Kansas, having received his instructions from the Cabinet. It is not apprehended at Washington that the aid of the military will be required in insuring the peace of the Territory.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

It is understood that the Administration, after a full consideration of the subject, have resolved not to interfere in the pending war with China. It is presumed that Dr. Parker will be superseded by a younger man, and that our squadron in the Chinese waters will be strengthened. Ex-Governor Bigler, who has been appointed to Chili, is said to have had the refusal of the post. Commissioner Parker has been instructed to remove Consul Keenan, of Hong Kong, if it is true that he carried the American flag at the head of the forces at the attack of Canton.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE WITH NEW GRANADA.

The Government of New Granada have declined to entertain the proposal made to them on behalf of the United States by Mr. Morse. He proposed to establish free cities at Panama and Aspinwall, like San Juan; to purchase a strip of territory twenty miles wide along the railroad, dividing its jurisdiction between the two cities; to acquire three islands adjacent to Panama, now the property of railroad and steamboat companies, and Taboga, nine miles distant, belonging to individuals; to have transferred from New Granada all the rights and advantages connected with the railroad grant and charters with other companies for $2,000,000, from which the claims arising from the Panama riots were to be deducted. The nominal sovereignty of the Territory was to reside in New Granada, but the practical jurisdiction to be conferred upon the United States and the free cities. Should no compromise be effected, it may devolve upon the President to lay the matter before Congress for settlement. But it is hoped that General Herran, the New Granadian minister, now at Washington, an old and esteemed friend of the President's, may succeed in adjusting the difficulty. The new President of New Granada, Señor Ospina, was to be inaugurated on 1st instant.

MORE ABOUT THE FISHERIES.

An attempt has been made to get up an excitement in reference to the recent Anglo-French convention about the Newfoundland fisheries. By that convention France obtains the exclusive right to fish and use the strand for fishery purposes on the east coast of Newfoundland, from Cape St. John to the Quirpon Islands, and on the north coast of Newfoundland from those islands to Cape Norman, as well as of the five and only valuable fishing harbors on the west coast. It is maintained that the British Government, in making a treaty excluding all but French subjects from ports heretofore accessible to Yankee fishermen, gives away what does not belong to her, and that it is the duty of the United States to send a war steamer at once to protect our fishermen in the exercise of their rights. The fishing season begins the first week in April.

MORE INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

It will be remembered that two American boatmen lost their lives, some weeks since, in endeavoring to rescue the people of the British bark *Tasso,* wrecked off Barnegat.

Mr. Fowler, the acting British Vice-Consul at New York, has been instructed to convey to the widow of John Jones, one of the American boatmen who perished, a donation of £50 as a mark of the sympathy of the British Government. A subscription has also resulted in the collection of a sum sufficient to purchase a house and farm for Mrs. Jones. Mr. Fowler is also making inquiries respecting the relatives of John Parker and another boatman, who lost their lives at the time, and in reference to the rest of the boatmen who shared their danger. Lord Clarendon has instructed Lord Napier to express, in the warmest terms, the thanks of the British Government for the timely assistance rendered, and their admiration of the courage and devotion of the American boatmen. General Cass, in a letter to Lord Napier, says:

"It is always a source of gratification to this Government when citizens of the United States are instrumental in rescuing individuals, especially citizens or subjects of foreign countries, from the perils of the sea, and the manifestation of sympathy and gratitude on the part of her Majesty's Government in this instance is justly appreciated by the President."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The agony about the *Union* newspaper is not yet over. The latest intelligence is to the effect that William A. Harris, of Missouri, has completed arrangements for becoming editor and proprietor, to take effect on the 15th inst. He was formerly Representative to Congress from Virginia, and afterward Minister to Buenos Ayres, and was favorably known as editor of the *Constitution* and *Spectator,* formerly published in Washington. But it is broadly asserted that Colonel Forney is to grind at least one of the handles of the organ. Rumor asserts that the real proprietorship of the paper undergoes no change. Mr. Appleton has said little of the reasons which induced him to resign; but, like a prudent man, has superseded General Thomas as Assistant-Secretary of State without telling his story.

General Cass is said to be failing under the tremendous labor of his office, which he insists on performing as though he were twenty years younger. The gossips, who, a few days ago, were quite certain that Governor Cobb would succeed him, now hint that if Robert J. Walker should succeed in pacifying Kansas he would be the fortunate man. As yet, Mr. Cass has not opened his mouth as to the future.

The new story about the depletion of the Treasury, credits the President with a desire to conciliate the South by giving Mexico $15,000,000 for Tehuantepec. But it is not stated that the Mexicans desire to deal in conciliation to that extent.

The politicians, who have been doing a good business on the strength of the Dred Scott case, have at length extracted a card from the Supreme Court Reporter, promising the opinions of all the judges in three weeks. Some good squibs were current in connection with the applications which were made to the Chief Justice for a copy of his opinion. He is said to have replied as follows to the *National Intelligencer:*

"Chief Justice Taney returns his compliments to the editors of the *National Intelligencer,* and, in reply to their request, begs to inform them that he does not prepare opinions for the use of juvenile debating societies, or of political newspapers. He would add, that when his opinion is filed, it will be published by the Reporter of the Supreme Court, who alone has the right of publishing its decisions."

Anxiety is felt in Washington by various traders in a retail way respecting the probable return of Mr. Lumley, Secretary to the British legation, who left the city some six weeks ago. He was left in charge of the archives when Mr. Crampton was sent home; since then reports have been spread reflecting upon the soundness of his mind, but without any foundation. He is a natural son of the late Lord Scarborough, and though the eldest, another, who was also born on the wrong side of the blanket, has succeeded to the title and fortune. This was almost enough to turn the head of a poor Secretary.

THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

The election of State officers in Rhode Island came off on 1st instant. The Republicans and Know-Nothings coalesced on all the officers except the Lieutenant-Governor, and carried the day. The vote for Governor was:

Dyer (Know-Nothing and Republican)...	9621
Potter (Democrat)	5123

The vote for Lieutenant-Governor was:

Turner (Republican)	5947
Mason (Know-Nothing)	5339
Hall (Democrat)	4652

The State Legislature is strongly Republican and American, the former slightly preponderating.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The New York City Charter Bill, and the Metropolitan Police Bill, have passed the Assembly. The former has been amended in Committee of the Senate, and is now pending discussion in that body. The Emigrant Aid Society's charter has passed the Assembly, the leading Democrats voting for it. The Central Park Bill is still in committee, but is expected to be hurried through at the last moment. A bill has passed the Assembly to enable the Erie Railway to make a stock dividend. In the Senate a Liquor License Bill has been passed by a vote of 19 to 10. Resolutions condemning the action of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case have been introduced into the Senate, and discussed.

OTHER STATE LEGISLATURES.

By the new law of Illinois, the rate of interest, in the absence of stipulation, is fixed at six per cent. Ten per cent. may be agreed upon; but a contract stipulating more involves forfeiture.

At the close of the session of the Legislature of Louisiana, a motion was made to allow Mr. J. A. Warner, Secretary of the Senate, $500 extra compensation, when that gentleman immediately arose and requested the mover to withdraw it; said that he accepted the office with a knowledge of the salary, and *wanted no more!*

THE POISONED PEOPLE.

Colonel Eskridge Lane, the nephew of the President, has died of the disorder contracted by him in common with others at the National Hotel in Washington. His disease resembled inflammation of the stomach, tending to gangrene. In the stomach of a gentleman who died of the same disease in Pennsylvania, arsenic has been found. The symptoms noted in the cases of Rev. Charles H. Malcom and wife, of Newport, Rhode Island, are those of arsenic. These facts confirm the belief that the authorities of Washington were in error in ascribing the trouble to miasma. It appears that before he went to the National, Mr. Buchanan received several anonymous letters, warning him against eating or drinking in that house. To these cautions it may be that he owes his life.

MASSACRE OF SETTLERS IN IOWA.

A letter received at Pittsburg, dated Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 23, says that a settlement of twenty families at the head-waters of the Des Moines River had been attacked by Indians, and that it was supposed that all were murdered. Only two houses were visited by the persons bringing the news, in which fourteen dead bodies were found. Some had been shot and others inhumanly clubbed to death. It is presumed that the whole number of persons composing the settlement were killed, or that they are now in captivity. A meeting of citizens was called on the 22d ult., and a company of fifty to one hundred men had organized to march to take vengeance on the Indians and rescue any persons that might be found with them.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

Many remember the thrilling story of Joseph Avery, who held on for a whole day to a rock in the rapids above the Niagara Falls, and at last went over. On Tuesday last a similar occurrence took place. A man named E. C. Taylor, a resident of West Winfield, Herkimer County (a guest at the Ladow House), descended the bank of the river, near the Suspension Bridge, probably for the purpose of viewing the bridge from below. On reaching the bottom he slipped and fell into the water, just above the bridge, and when discovered was thirty or forty rods below the bridge, near the shore, rolling over and over, borne along by the resistless current, until he caught hold of a large rock, and after some hard struggles succeeded in reaching the top. The alarm was immediately given in the neighborhood, and it was soon decided there was no way of reaching him but by means of a rope ladder. This was immediately procured, and after much hesitation, delay, and alteration, occasioned by the difficulty of determining where to place it, inasmuch as the man could not be seen from the projecting bank over his head, it was lowered to the distance of perhaps a hundred feet and became entangled among the rocks and trees.

It was at once decided that some one must go down to disentangle it. In a few moments, Willard B. Coburn, porter of the Ladow Hotel, volunteered his services, and proceeded to the place where the ladder was attached to the tree. He needed assistance, and soon two more brave men, Anthony Shiley and Nats Crane, offered to go down. The three worked bravely for more than an hour in conducting the ladder, while men at the top carefully let it down. At length the waving of handkerchiefs and cheerings on the Canada side indicated that the man had sprung to the shore from the rock, and had begun to ascend the ladder. Cautiously, and with firm grasp and step, he climbed up three hundred feet, and was greeted by the shouts and acclamations of the hundreds of spectators who had assembled to witness the exciting scene. He was for a few moments borne on the shoulders of the excited multitude, all were so anxious to congratulate him.

A TERRIBLE RIDE ON A RAILWAY TRAIN.

A few days ago, as the early coal train from the mines of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company was coming down the grade, about four o'clock, the train ran over a large boulder which had rolled down from the embankment immediately upon the centre of the track. The locomotive passed over it with slight damage, but the balance of the train, including the tender, had every brake ripped out from one end of the train to the other. The brakemen becoming aware of the fact, and seeing in a moment that the cars could not be controlled, going down a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile, thinking discretion the better part of valor, at once left the train. On it went, and at each revolution of the wheel the momentum increased until the velocity became absolutely frightful. The whistle sounded to put down the brakes, but the only answer was a wild, unearthly whistle reverberating among the bleak hills, scarcely heard before it died away or was drowned by the rattling of the swift revolving wheels upon the iron track. At length the engineer became convinced that something must be the matter.

Adjusting his valves, he began cautiously to pick his way to the rear of the train. As he advanced through the thick darkness he tried to put down the brakes of first one and then another of the cars. All were broken off or damaged by the rock on the track. He at length felt his way back to the two cars at the rear of the train. Pulling out the coupling-pin, he felt sure that he could control them when detached from the train. But they were in the same condition. All were broken. No control could be exercised over them. The train was now running at a frightful speed. What to do was the next consideration. To jump seemed like certain death, while to remain upon the train promised no exemption from a similar fate. A moment's thought determined the course of the intrepid engineer. Clinging for a moment to the rear car, he commenced climbing down until he could feel the ground with his feet. He then let all hold go, falling against the ground with much violence, but escaping with a few painful bruises.

On went the train at a furious rate. The two detached cars were thrown from the track before going a great distance. One of the other iron hoppers had the trucks knocked from under it, and was dragged some distance, completely ripping out the bottom, but finally checking the train some three miles above town. Take it altogether, it was a frightful occurrence, and seen in the deep darkness of the mountain, whipping in and out among the gorges, with the sparks and steam issuing from the locomotive in a vast column, with a solitary man clinging for life to the rear car, or cautiously climbing down to escape from almost certain death, it must have presented a scene of fearful import. The name of the engineer was George Myers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

The English Parliament was dissolved by commission on the 21st March. The following passage in the speech refers to the dissolution:

"My Lords and Gentlemen.—We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that, in releasing you at this early period from your attendance in Parliament, it is her Majesty's intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament, in order to ascertain, in the most constitutional manner, the sense of her people in the present state of public affairs."

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

It seems to be generally expected that Lord Palmerston's majority will be increased after the election, and that the coalition will be nowhere. The unanimous voice of the press is against it. Certainly no such instance of corrupt political profligacy has been lately witnessed any where. Lord Palmerston has been invited to stand for the city of London. Mr. Cobden loses his old seat. Lord John Russell has not been invited to stand by the Liberal Committee.

THE PLATFORM OF THE MINISTRY.

Lord Palmerston, in a great speech made at the Lord Mayor's dinner, thus expressed his views on the Chinese question:

"We were persuaded that our proceedings were right and necessary. We felt that great wrong had been inflicted upon this country. We felt that our fellow-countrymen, in a distant part of the globe, had been exposed to every sort of insult, outrage, and atrocity; that a treaty with this country had been broken; and that those who were locally charged with the defense of our interests were not only justified in resorting, but were bound to resort, as far as the means at their command enabled them, to the measures requisite for their vindication. We felt that we should have been basely betraying a trust which our Sovereign and the country had reposed in us if we had not approved proceedings which we thought right, and which, if we had been placed in similar circumstances, we should certainly have deemed it our duty to adopt.

"It seems that it is not permitted to me to talk of coalitions or combinations, because they have been distinctly repudiated; but there was, if I am obliged to say so, an accidental concurrence of the leaders of opposite parties in the lobby against us. In that lobby there were the elements of a Government which expected to succeed to power by making the humiliations and degradation of their country a stepping-stone to office. We are truly told that party-spirit and party ties were remembered on occasion, but one party tie was wholly forgotten—the tie that ought to bind every Englishman to the interests, the honor, and the glory of his country. If those who voted against us had risen to power, what ought they to have done as the logical and inevitable consequence of their vote? They asserted that our proceedings were unjustifiable. They were bound, therefore, in the event of their success, to have apologized to the Chinese barbarians for the wrongs we had done—to have rebuilt the forts which our gallant sailors had destroyed—to have sent from Woolwich new cannon in lieu of those which our brave seamen had rendered unserviceable—and at the same time, in order to complete the measure of redress, they must have paid the rewards which had been given for the heads of our merchants, and the cost of the arsenic which had been used in poisoning our fellow-subjects at Hong Kong!"

PLATFORM OF THE RUSSELL WHIGS.

Lord John Russell has published a letter offering himself as a candidate, in which he says:

"I need not allude to the charge of combination and conspiracy against the majority of the House of Commons. That was the falsehood of a day, which a few hours of reflection must dispel. For my own part, I took the same view of these lamentable affairs as Sir Francis Baring, my old friend and colleague; and I willingly borrow from his vindication of his vote the following passage: 'I had no choice left, and deliberately, and as if I had been in a jury-box, I gave my vote that the papers laid upon the table failed to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton on the late affair of the *Arrow.* I shall be told, that however true these words may be, still the motion was practically a censure on the Government, and it was my duty to vote against it. I have been a party man all my life, and am not willing to underrate party considerations. In many cases I perfectly understand that, weighing the evils or advantages of two alternatives, it may be perfectly justifiable to prefer the retaining a good government in office rather than the carrying any particular motion, however good. But there must be some limit to these party feelings. I can not rate war and all its horrors as a light matter. For the shedding of the blood even of our enemies I believe we are responsible to a higher tribunal. We have no right to go to war without a justifiable cause, and I do not reckon as a justifiable cause the desire to keep my friends in office.' Then, again, it is said, that although the Canton hostilities might not be justifiable, Lord Palmerston ought to be supported in continuing them, because he conducted the war against Russia with great vigor, and brought it to an honorable termination. I cheerfully applauded his vigor in carrying on war, and his moderation in making peace; but to support wanton and unnecessary hostilities on account of the merit of the Minister in a contest which is past, seems to me a mode of testifying national gratitude utterly indefensible."

THE CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, the leader of the conservative party, has expressed his views as follows:

"Lord Palmerston is an eminent man, who has deserved well of his country; but as Prime Minister he occupies a false position. He is the Tory chief of a radical cabinet. With no domestic policy, he is obliged to divert the attention of the people from the consideration of their own affairs to the distraction of foreign politics. His external system is turbulent and aggressive that his rule at home may be tranquil and unassailed. Hence

arise excessive expenditure, heavy taxation, and the stoppage of all social improvement.

"His scheme of conduct is so devoid of all political principle that, when forced to appeal to the people, his only claim to their confidence is his name.

"Such arts and resources *may suit the despotic ruler of a State exhausted by revolutions*, but they do not become a British Minister governing a country proud, free, and progressive, animated by glorious traditions, and aspiring to future excellence.

"The honor and the best interests of the country require that men should be returned to the new Parliament with definite principles. If you will confer on me, for the fourth time, the high distinction of being your member, I will, as heretofore, uphold our constitution in Church and State, and support those popular and aristocratic institutions which, in this country, have made power a privilege, but have extended the possession of that privilege to all who exert themselves to deserve it—institutions which have educated a nation to aspire and excel.

"The general policy which I would enforce at this juncture may be contained in these words—Honorable peace, reduced taxation, and social improvement."

THE RADICAL PLATFORM.

Mr. Bright, Cobden's right hand man, and one of the Radical leaders, thus claims the support of his constituency:

"It is not needful that I should say a word on the many political topics which I have so often discussed with you and among you. On those points which have recently arisen, however, I wish to be clearly understood. I entirely approve of the resolution moved by Mr. Cobden, and seconded by Mr. Gibson, on the subject of the melancholy events at Canton.

"I am bound, too, to condemn the policy of the government in making war with Persia without consulting Parliament, and without ever informing the representatives of the people of the course they were about to take, or of the objects for which they were entering into war. If we permit a ministry to declare war without the knowledge and consent of Parliament, we at once reduce ourselves in foreign policy to the condition of those nations of the continent of Europe which have no Parliaments, and which do not pretend to possess a free constitution. I feel confident that every elector in Manchester, of every party, will unite to make a stand against a course so unconstitutional and so degrading to the nation.

"I can not approve of the proposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to raise the duties on tea and sugar. I should much prefer to deal rather with the extravagance of the estimates than to impose taxes, especially on articles of almost universal consumption, which interfere with commerce and lessen the demand for labor. I need hardly say that I have no sympathy with the Prime Minister in his hostility to Parliamentary reform, and in his refusal to extend the franchise to £10 householders and occupiers in the counties."

A MAN OVERBOARD.

On the 15th of March, while the ship *Switzerland*, Captain Conway, from New York, was beating up the Channel toward the Mersey, one of the crew, James Smith, fell overboard when off the Great Ormshead. The sea was running wild and high, and some time necessarily elapsed before the boat was launched for the almost hopeless task of rescue. The man was known, however, as an athletic fellow and a good swimmer. As the boat neared the unfortunate man, they were horrified to see him deliberately take out his penknife and cut his throat. They hailed him, but the noise of the storm seemed to prevent any recognition, and he alternately rose and descended with the waves. Ultimately, they succeeded in rescuing him and bringing him on board, with blood flowing from his neck. When interrogated as to his singular conduct, he said he entertained not the slightest hope of being saved; and rather than undergo the horrid and tedious death of drowning amidst the storm, he thought of hastening his end by cutting his throat. The poor fellow was in a fair way for recovery on board the ship in the river.

LORD ELGIN GOING TO CHINA.

The Earl of Elgin has accepted the office of Plenipotentiary to the Court of Pekin, and will proceed on his arduous mission as soon as he has been made sufficiently acquainted with the views of her Majesty's Government. It would not be easy to name a more unexceptionable man for the office, or even one with so many positive recommendations.

THE LATE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre has resigned the speakership of the House of Commons. He was highly complimented by the chiefs of all parties, and retires with a pension of $20,000 and a peerage. He was elected to his high office on the 27th of May, 1839, by a majority of 18 votes over the late Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, the numbers having been 317 and 299. The right hon. gentleman was subsequently re-elected to the chair *nem. dis.* in the three successive Parliaments of 1841, 1847, and 1852. His term of office has been nearly 18 years. His predecessor, Mr. Abercromby, was elected in 1835 by a majority of 10 over Mr. C. Manners Sutton, afterward Viscount Canterbury, and held office about four years.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is intended to launch this ship in June or July; but as the highest tides will be in August, the event may be delayed till then.

FRANCE.

THE BABY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Monday, 16th March, being the birthday of the Imperial Prince, now a year old, the theatres and other buildings, as well as many private establishments, put on their bravery. Tri-colored flags merrily flapped to a high March breeze, the sun shone bright, and the coincidence of Saint Monday helped the pleasant appearance of the day. The *Moniteur*, too, teemed with marks of benevolence and beneficence, the future recollection of which will be associated with the name of the heir to the throne. Thirty-six orphans are inscribed on the books of the hospital which has been founded on the subscriptions raised among the citizens to present the happy mother with a becoming token of sympathy with her joy. Then there are columns of new knights of the Legion of Honor, and of old knights raised to the rank of officers. Long lists of civil appointments date from an anniversary which, being the first, may be supposed to carry with it some peculiar charm. Even the troop of Guides who escort the babe in arms looked, as they trotted up the Champs Elysées, as if they were doing worthy honor to a Prince whose age is no longer to be counted by months. The Government schools sent forth their rejoicing pupils, and altogether a pleasant breach was made in the sobriety of Lent, for which be thanked his Imperial Highness. As the Prince belongs to the Imperial Guard, the whole corps celebrated the day in a grand banquet.

DIPLOMATIC ADJUSTMENTS.

It is now said that the final sittings of the Paris Conference on Turkish affairs (which will be chiefly devoted to the question of the Principalities) will be held in June. The third meeting of the Neufchatel Conference at Paris will take place shortly, instructions of a more favorable cast having been received from Berlin.

A ministerial paper announces that a reconciliation of Naples with France and England is becoming not merely possible but probable, and that an attaché of the French Foreign Office will soon leave for Naples.

WHOLESALE DISMISSAL OF POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS.

A whole division of the pupils of the Polytechnic School at Paris have been dismissed. It seems that the pupils of the first year, last elected, being animated by a singular spirit of equality, and not wishing to oppose or exceed each other in the examinations, resolved among themselves some time ago, and even engaged in writing, to allow twenty-five of the cleverest pupils chosen among them to study for their promotion, while the others did merely what was strictly necessary. This compact of utter idleness fell into the hands of an adjutant of the school, who laid it before the heads of the establishment. It was at one moment in contemplation to punish some who were suspected of being the ringleaders, but this idea was not carried into effect; not the less, however, was a conspiracy got up against the adjutant, and carried into execution. During the night the pupils rose from their beds, and drawing down their cotton nightcaps over their faces, cut holes for their eyes and mouths, so that it was impossible to distinguish them. Sure of not being recognized, they seized on the adjutant on whom they wished to be revenged, and inflicted on him such a beating that he was much injured, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he got out of their hands. As it was found impossible to discover the real delinquents, it was decided to expel the whole division.

A NEW CREDIT MOBILIER.

A new scheme entitled "The Internal Association of Commercial Credit," has just been started at Paris, under the patronage of some of the first men in the financial world at Paris, London, and Hamburg. Its object is "to support and develop all the commercial and industrial transactions of France, by facilitating the accession of foreign capital to French affairs; to assist in the reduction of the rate of interest and in the development of credit, while keeping the company exempt from the risks attendant upon speculation in securities, purchases and sales on its own account not being permitted."

The capital of the company is fixed at 120,000,000 francs, in 25,000 shares; that is, $25,000,000, in shares of $1000 each. The constitution of the company appears, as we have said, to be on the Paris pattern, like that of the Crédit Mobilier. The capital of that company is exactly half that of the International Company; but, by the law of this Institution, the Crédit Mobilier can receive property to the amount of $120,000,000, and dispose of property to the same amount; thus virtually dealing in a capital of $240,000,000, besides the $12,000,000 paid up. It is evident that, from its constitution, the International Company would use its capital in a similar manner, so that its $24,000,000 would represent a working capital of $500,000,000 only. We do not observe in the statement that the working capital would be limited to $500,000,000.

Supposing the management of the vast company to be perfectly honest, it will be observed that the managers of it would conduct dealings more enormous than the world has ever seen. They would have a power of buying up which would give them a practical monopoly, perhaps over whole branches of commerce.

DUMAS WRITES A PLAY AND COOKS A DINNER IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

A Paris letter in the *Independance* of Brussels states that a play, written by Alexandre Dumas in twenty-four hours, is about to be performed at the residence of M. de Girardin, and that M. Dumas, who boasts of being the best cook in France, is to superintend the preparation of the dinner which is to precede the performance.

GOING TO PARTIES A GROUND OF DIVORCE.

A person in rather a high position has just obtained from the Civil Tribunal of the Seine a separation from his wife, with right of keeping his child, in consequence of the following circumstances: The child had the measles, and its medical attendant declared its life to be in danger, but the mother nevertheless continued to prepare her toilet for an evening party to which she had been invited. "You can not leave the child, who is dying!" exclaimed the husband. The wife replied that it was impossible for her to remain away from the party without breaking her promise, and being guilty of a want of politeness. The husband again remonstrated with her, but in vain; she insisted on going to the party, if only for an hour. The husband then informed her that, if she carried her intention into execution, the door would be closed against her on her return. The wife left for the party, but, on her return home, was refused admittance. The tribunal has decided that the husband was perfectly justified, and has furthermore ruled that a wife who forsakes her child in illness forfeits her conjugal rights.

GOOD NEWS FOR GEESE.

M. Soyer, the well-known gastronomical artiste, on the occasion of a visit which he lately made to Strasbourg, wrote a letter to the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* relative to the nature of the *patés de foie gras*, for which that city has long been celebrated. The general idea being that the geese whose livers furnished the principal element of the *patés* were subjected to great torture, by being fed to repletion, but without water, close to a roaring fire, until their livers became enlarged from disease, M. Soyer declares that, after having carefully examined the subject, he can declare that there is not a word of truth in the general belief. Up to the age of eight months, he states, the geese are allowed to feed at full liberty in the open air; they are then brought to market and purchased by the persons whose occupation it is to fatten them for killing; they are placed in coops and fed for about a month or five weeks three times a day with wheat, and allowed as much water as they please. Each bird eats about a bushel of corn during the process of fattening, the water of Strasbourg, it is said, contributing to increase the volume of the liver. When sufficiently fat they are killed, having been treated with the greatest attention and humanity during the whole period of their incarceration, and entirely removed from any unusual heat. M. Soyer concludes his letter by stating that he will endeavor to remove the erroneous ideas entertained on the subject in England, and exert himself to introduce the *patés* more generally among us.

PARISIAN LOVE LETTERS.

Much amusement is derived from a review of a recent general letter-writer published at Paris. After a specimen of formal declarations of love we find what we are quite sure is not to be found in any English secretary's assistant or letter writer—specimen billet-doux (an untranslatable title), which is to be written on very small ornamental note-paper, as it is intended to be given under the rose to some one to whom the writer has no opportunity of speaking. The letter itself says: "Since I am not so happy as to be able to speak to you, if my addresses are not disagreeable place a blue ribbon in your head-dress." And a note observes, the signal must be varied according to circumstances—it would be absurd to ask a blue signal from a person who always wears blue; and he goes on to say, "This kind of communication is often very successful; ladies who would not dare to write or say a word, will venture to wear a special flower or ribbon!" We are also provided with models of letters where a declaration has remained unanswered, of another when a favorable answer has been received, which begins thus famously: "Mademoiselle—Is it not delusion? You love me! This charming word has been pronounced by a ravishing mouth—your fingers have traced it. Oh, happiness inexpressible! Why can't I run and throw myself at your knees, there to die of joy and love," etc. Then comes a letter to ask a rendezvous, after, we presume, the blue ribbon has been worn—a letter to ask for the lady's portrait, in order to cover it with kisses; fortunately, photographs are to be had for a franc a-piece.

CHARLES DICKENS IN PARIS.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been superintending the publication of a translation of his works in Paris—works that are perhaps as difficult of translation as any that ever have been written. The Parisians who are unable to read English have a very indefinite notion of the modern Fielding, and even some translations have misled them. There was recently, for instance, published in Paris a little book called "Douze Contes Nouvelles par Charles Dickens." This was supposed to be a selection of a dozen tales from *Household Words*, all from the pen of the great novelist. Those, however, who were in the secret of the authorship knew that out of these twelve tales no less than eight were from other pens.

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME AT EPERNAY.

The quiet town of Epernay, in Champagne, has been thrown into a state of commotion by a crime committed with singular ferocity by a whole family. As M. Bazire, the President of the Tribunal of the Place, was walking in the streets, in broad daylight, a woman approached, and drawing a pistol from under her shawl, took aim and fired, but without effect. M. Bazire attempted to escape, but he was met on his passage by a man, who pointed a pistol at his breast. The judge stooped down instinctively to avoid the fire; but an instant afterward the pistol went off, and the charge, composed of small shot, entered the back of his head. The two assassins then joined each other, and after reloading their pistols, went to the house, where they barricaded themselves. The alarm having been given almost immediately, a body of gendarmes and sergens de ville presented themselves, and required the door to be opened in the name of the law. No answer being given, the outer door was broken open; but no sooner had the police force passed the threshold than they were assailed by several shots from an inner room. One of them fell, severely, and as some say mortally, wounded. Others were hit, but there are different reports as to the extent of the injuries they received. The policemen who remained uninjured rushed gallantly on, and succeeded in capturing the inmates of the house. They turned out to be a tinker and his wife named Bouquet and their son, who it appears joined them in firing upon the public force. M. Maure, the Procureur-Impérial, who accompanied the gendarmes, owed his life to the register of the court, who knocked Bouquet down with a spade while he was in the act of taking aim at the procureur with a pistol. Bouquet and his wife, who are people of bad character, on being asked why they had shot at M. Bazire, said that they wished to have revenge on the judges because one of their sons had been sentenced to the galleys. They thought it best to begin with the chief magistrate of Epernay; but they would have wished to kill all the judges, and they hoped their son would complete their work whenever he should be liberated. The "instruction" in the affair is going on.

A CHILD'S HEAD WANTED FOR A LANTERN.

Vautrin, the farm laborer, who was condemned to death by the court of Assizes of the Haute-Marne for the murder of a child, has been executed at Chaumont. A vast crowd assembled to witness the execution. The man's reason for murdering the child was, as stated at the time, that he wanted its skull to turn into a lantern, he having seriously believed that a lantern made from a child's skull would render the bearer of it invisible, and that consequently he could commit robberies in gentlemen's houses without fear of detection.

THE NEWEST LION AT PARIS.

The glories of Feruk Khan are being eclipsed by a newer lion, Prince Danilo of Montenegro. He has just arrived in Paris, accompanied by his wife and four persons of his suite. He appears to be about thirty-five years of age; is of a small stature, very thin, with a bronzed complexion, and an intelligent physiognomy. He wears the fustanelle, or national petticoat, with red boots and gold spurs. He also has thrown over him a large cloak of red velvet, embroidered with gold. The Princess is dressed in the European style. The Montenegrin officers who accompany the prince are remarkable for their lofty stature; they all wear a rich national costume, with a variety of arms in their waist belt. The whole party alighted at the Hotel de Louvre.

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA GOING TO WAR WITH PIEDMONT.

Austria is on the point of breaking off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies has voted, by 103 to 14, the considerable sum of 3,000,000 francs to put the fortifications of Alessandria into an immediate state of defense. Russia is said to be about to revenge herself on Austria by taking the side of Piedmont. But nothing is likely to come of it.

ADJUSTMENT OF THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

The *Independance* publishes the terms on which the King of Prussia agrees to settle the Neufchatel question. The King renounces his rights on this canton on condition of reserving to the Prussian crown the title of Prince attached to Neufchatel. He requires the enjoyment for four years of the revenues of his ancient domain in the canton. They amount annually to 100,000 francs, and it is presumed that his Majesty claims them in order to indemnify his Swiss partisans for their sacrifices in his behalf. The King also requires an amnesty in their favor for all they have done since 1848, the maintenance of the municipalities being incompatible with the new order of things. The King consents to renounce them, but wishes their charitable establishment to be preserved. It is thought that Switzerland will raise objections to the title of Prince of Neufchatel continuing to be attached to the Prussian crown.

A DISGUSTING OUTRAGE.

The *Königsberg Gazette* relates the following disgraceful affair: The son of a Jew tradesman of Guttstadt, in Eastern Prussia, having lately terminated his apprenticeship to a furrier, gave, on the occasion, a grand banquet to all the master furriers of the town. After a good deal of wine had been drunk, the conversation turned on the crucifixion of Christ, and the guests, regardless of the consideration due to their host, insisted that he was responsible for the crime of his ancestors. One of them at length proposed that, as a punishment, the young man should undergo the operation of having a cross cut on his person. The proposition was adopted with applause, and the young man, in spite of a desperate resistance, had a cross cut deeply in his haunch. He would probably have been further ill-treated, if, by an almost superhuman exercise of strength, he had not broken from his assailants, and rushed into the street. There he fell senseless, and was conveyed to his own house. Medical assistance was procured for him, but the loss of blood was so great that there is but little hope of saving him. His cowardly assailants, all of whom occupy a respectable position in society, were arrested, and sent to Heilsberg to take their trial.

SPAIN.

THE MEXICAN WAR HANGING FIRE.

Señor Tassara, Spanish Minister at Washington, is said to have asserted that Spain will forego the war with Mexico; still instructions have been sent to General Concha to prepare for the contest. And the Cubans are in an agony of dread lest another Lopez should arise to filibuster upon the ever faithful island.

RUSSIA.

M. DE MORNY DOING WELL.

A letter from St. Petersburg says: "M. de Morny's success at St. Petersburg is said to continue, if not to increase, and his last grand ball was attended by the Czar in person, who danced with Madame de Morny. I can not say that this excess of attention paid by Alexander II. to the Emperor Napoleon's brother quite attains the object for which it is intended. Instead of raising M. de Morny, it perhaps slightly lowers the Czar in the public esteem; for the French Embassador is looked upon just now, by all classes and all opinions, as a man among whose qualities honor and honesty are, at all events, not very conspicuous."

STATE OF SEBASTOPOL AND BALAKLAVA.

An officer of the Guard who lately returned to the Crimea writes to the *Academy Journal* a description of the altered appearance of the country from what it was three years ago. All about Simpheropol and along the southern coast the ravages of war are still very apparent; many places look "as though the enemy had left them only yesterday." The Greeks and Tartars, who formerly monopolized all trade and commerce in the Crimea, have been entirely ruined by the war, and now the great men in every branch of business are Jews, who have many of them made plenty of money, particularly in Simpheropol, during the war, where also the laboring classes have profited greatly by the great demand for labor during that period. According to another account, published in the *Invalide*, the progress made in the rebuilding of Sebastopol is not quite so great as certain reports had given us to understand. The indemnifications that the Government had undertaken to pay to those subjects whose property had been destroyed there during the war are not to be paid till this summer, and in the absence of these funds there are very few persons found in a position to commence building. Such of the former inhabitants, or such new settlers as had arrived there, have contented themselves hitherto with temporary habitations, knocked up out of the remains of the English and French huts. During the autumn divers had been busily at work in the harbor in their endeavors to recover the sunken ships. The correspondent of the *Invalide* was present at the moment when one vessel was successfully lifted above the water's level, and greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of a numerous crowd assembled on the occasion. Since Balaklava was evacuated by the English, it has been taken possession of by an army of fierce rats, who not only consume every object of still life within their reach, but also at night time attack people in the streets; this native enemy has been found so formidable that the inhabitants who had returned to their former dwellings were obliged to vacate them again, and trust to the severities of winter to diminish the forces of the four-footed enemy. It is the prevailing opinion in Sebastopol at present that the town has never been taken by the enemy; and this is considered as proved by the allegation that, even after September 7, the French flag was planted only on the Malakoff, and not in the town itself.

MOVEMENTS OF TODTLEBEN.

General Todtleben is traveling in Piedmont. He lately visited Alessandria, and it is said offered some suggestions with respect to the fortifications about to be erected there.

SUICIDE OF OMER PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

A letter from Belgrade of the 5th, in the Augsburg *Gazette*, says: "The only daughter of Omer Pacha, who was married in 1853 to Tefik Pacha, a nephew of the Serdar, and, after his death in the Crimea, to Omer Bey, another nephew, poisoned herself a few days ago. She had been educated according to European habits, and was driven, it is said, to the rash act by the bad treatment she experienced from her husband."

DENMARK.

ABOLITION OF THE SOUND DUES.

The definitive Treaty for the Abolition of the Duties on vessels passing the Sound has been signed. These tolls are to be abolished from the 1st of April next, as regards the ships of all nations co-signataries of the treaty with Denmark, being redeemed by the payment of interest on the respective sums agreed on.

GREECE.

Intelligence has also been received from the British consul at Tripoli, of the assassination of Dr. Vogel, who arrived at Kuka, on the borders of Lake Tsad, in the best health and spirits. The letter received at Tripoli is from Corporal Maguire, one of the sappers sent out with Dr. Vogel, and is written from Kuka. Dr. Vogel had departed from that place comparatively alone, on a most perilous journey eastward, with the view of reaching the Nile. He is said to have advanced through Birgirmi into Waddy, and to have been there murdered. The Sheik of Bornu has promised to forward particulars to the British consul at Tripoli as soon as they have been ascertained.

NICARAGUA.

THE BATTLE OF RIVAS.

A great battle has been fought at Rivas, and the allies have been defeated with great slaughter. It appears that General Walker left Rivas on the 16th of March, with the main body of his little army, for the purpose of attacking San Jorge; that he was doing well there against the allies, when he heard firing at Rivas; that he immediately thereon abandoned the fight at San Jorge and hastened back. When near Rivas he opened fire on the enemy's rear, while General Henningsen was using grape with much effect upon their front. The result was a slaughter of some five hundred of the allies and a stampede of the rest. More detailed statements of the battle were expected, but have not arrived.

A FILIBUSTER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

......The fight was, in fact, a second edition of the Granada battle, but we had a better chance at them. You remember how they scattered when we returned from Massaya. Well, here they didn't have the same chance. The old San Jorge road, you know, is lined with native ranches, and fenced with the cactus. Probably 200 or 300 got into these huts, and escaped by the gardens in the rear. *We killed or took prisoners all the rest.* You never heard such a howling among the poor devils as when we opened; for Henningsen, as General Sanders facetiously remarked, was giving them all the *law* allowed. They flung their arms every way. This morning we are bringing them into Rivas, half of them loaded. We shan't need any more importations from California for a while. Of course you will all want to know how many we killed. If any body asks you, you can say—as our old water-cure friend used to—"Any number you please." Wilson began to count them, and got up to 320, and said he thought it was wasting the precious hours of a probationary state to spend any more time on dead greasers. It is certain that we finished at least 500, and have got about as many more on our hands in a most deplorable condition. But the General has given orders to take good care of them all, and no doubt we shall save all that's worth having. One thing you may be sure of: they will never stand up against us again—even if there was any sort of harmony among their leaders. So you may consider the hard fighting about over.

WHAT WALKER'S OFFICERS THINK.

A letter from one of Walker's officers says:

"General Walker has at his command now all the men he needs to accomplish the ends he has in view in this country—there is no lack of provisions or of armaments of war. He has got the steam-engine in the arsenal—of which I wrote you in my last letter—in complete operation, and every facility perfected for keeping his men supplied with ammunition, guns, and artillery, generally. * * * It is astonishing what astounding stories are told of desertions from Walker's army. One would suppose there were not men enough left to beat a drum for retreat. I can assure you that *not one good man* has left the army. There have been desertions, as there are in any war, and will be. The sum total of the desertions will not, however, exceed one hundred men; these have been almost exlusively Germans and Frenchmen, whom General Walker has been more anxious to get rid of than retain.

"General Walker, at my writing, is in most excellent spirits. All the officers are feeling jovial and fine. The brilliant assault following the engagement of San Jorge, which I have detailed to you, has stirred up the privates with encouragement and enthusiasm. I tell you General Walker's plan to conquer this country is a good one, and his men, I believe, begin to apprehend what it is. This plan, as unfolded to you in one of my earliest letters, he will strictly adhere to. He will allow the allied forces to exhaust their resources, and *when their resources of men, and arms and ammunition are exhausted, then he will strike his effective blow.* I tell you Nicaragua is ours."

GENERAL HENNINGSEN'S VIEWS.

A letter has been published purporting to come from Major-General Henningsen of the Nicaraguan army. In it he says:

"I have little of importance to add to my narrative up to last night, except to request you to have care taken that the names in the returns of our killed, wounded, and missing are printed accurately. It may omit two or three of the wounded, but the entire number, if it was complete, does not exceed fifty. I have not received the slightest injury, and enjoy my usual good health. The loss of the enemy is ascertained to have been upward of 400 killed. Our victory is decisive, and breaks up the allies completely; and in a few weeks all fighting within the boundaries of Nicaragua will be over, and if any contest is kept up it will be in the other States. Our army is in high spirits."

DEATH OF TWO GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORERS.

We have to record the deaths of two eminent African travelers. The first is the celebrated Swedish traveler Mr. Anderssen. He some time ago set out on his third journey into the interior of Africa to make zoological researches, and after having explored the banks of the Tioge and of Lake Ngami, he undertook, in company with an Englishman, Mr. Green, an excursion in an easterly direction, and succeeded in reaching a country into which no other European ever penetrated. There he met a young elephant and went in pursuit of it; just as he was on the point of overtaking it a very large elephant joined it, two natives fired on the latter and wounded it, on which the animal attacked Mr. Anderssen and killed him by trampling him under foot. Mr. Anderssen was buried on the spot on which he was killed. His numerous and valuable collections have been deposited at the consulate of Sweden and Norway, at the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Anderssen was the author of the captivating book of travels which was recently published by the Messrs. Harpers.

PERSIAN TROOPS—NORTH.

PERSIAN TROOPS—WEST.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A SHORT WAR.

We are enabled, this week, to present to our readers several cuts illustrating the late war between Great Britain and Persia. It was, all things considered, one of the neatest, briefest, and most compact wars known to history. The first intimation of hostilities was in November, 1856; the work was done, the desired posts occupied, and peace was made in the first week in March, 1857. A model war in respect of expedition.

Every body knows that the war arose out of the obstinate persistence of the Persians in besieging Herat. Herat, as the readers of a former number of this paper will remember, is the name of a city and independent principality near the northeast corner of Persia; from its situation it is the key to the possessions of the East India Company. That key it has been for a quarter of a century the desire of Russia to see in the hands of Persia—because, as the children say, what is the Shah's is the Czar's, but what is the Czar's is his own. Now the Shah was of the same mind as his great neighbor on this Herat question—and that for two reasons: first, because for one hundred and sixty years the Persians had claimed Herat, just as the King of Prussia claims Neufchatel; and, secondly, because the English had contrived, by sending to Teheran the very stupidest, and most intolerable ministers that could be had to represent the Queen—perfect Camptons, in short—to put the Persians in no good-humor with John Bull. The first overt attempt of the Persians to possess themselves of Herat was in 1838; the city then stood a ten months' siege, and was depopulated; but, owing to the appearance of a British fleet in the Persian Gulf, the Shah's design was relinquished for the time, and some two thousand Russians who were serving in the Persian ranks sent home. Herat was left in its pristine independence, under the control of Yar Mohammed.

This functionary having paid the debt of nature some three or four years ago, and strife having arisen among his successors, Russia instigated the Shah to renew his attempt. Every thing was favorable. Colonel Shiel, one British envoy, a blundering Irishman, and the very counterpart of Crampton, had signalized his career at Teheran by a course of uncompromising hostility and *tracasseries* to the Court. He had made treaties which his own Government did not pretend to keep, but which he bullied the Persians for not observing to the letter. His successor, Mr. Murray, was still more offensive. Chosen for the post apparently on account of his natural prejudice against the Persians, he vented his dislike in every way that suggested itself, winding up his career by protecting, against the constituted authorities of the country, several Persian subjects, among others a fair Persian lady of equivocal character; and by hauling down his diplomatic flag when the Shah insisted on vindicating his lawful authority over his own people. An intelligent Persian, who serves as interpreter to travelers in the Persian Gulf, thus pithily expressed his views of Mr. Murray's appointment:

"Master," said he to an Englishman, "what for your Government send Mr. Murry to Teheran? You tink your Government plenty wise sent Mr. Murry from Turkey to Shah of Persia? Mr. Murry long time at Cairo. Plenty like Turks. Shah no like Turks. Mr. Murry great friend to Pacha Egypt. Pacha give him fine horse: I see it—every Bushire man see it. Shah not like Pacha Egypt. Imaum Muscat give Mr. Murry fine horse: Shah of Persia, Imaum Muscat all same as that (drawing his hand across his throat). S'pose master want one favor one big man have; master send big man *enemy* to beg? That not wise. I tink master send friend of big man, and then master get what master want."

So, all these circumstances concurring, the Persians once more laid siege to Herat, and took it on 25th October, 1856. On 1st November an expeditionary force was ordered, by the East India Company, to the Persian Gulf. It sailed on 11th November; and on 4th December, after eighteen years' absence, the British flag was once more hoisted on the island of Karrack. The war began with a shot fired from the main deck of the frigate *Ajdaha*, at a party of Arabs who lingered on the beach.

They made short work of it. On the afternoon of the 7th the troops landed without serious obstacle; and on the following Sunday, 9th, the march to Bushire began. The distance was about thirteen miles, the road varying between heavy sand and rough stones. At about five miles from Bushire the army came in sight of the old Dutch or Portuguese fort of Reshire—the only extant remains of a place whose temple is said to have been founded by Sennacherib. It was observed to be filled with Persians and Arabs. As the troops approached fire was opened upon the place from the guns of the fleet, and a portion of the garrison fled; but the remainder, firing upon the invaders with considerable effect, General Stalker gave the command to assault, and Brigadier Stopford, dismounting, led the columns on foot. He was in advance of the men, and was waving his sword, and shouting, "Forward, Sixty-Fourth!" when a ball, through his heart, laid him low. His regiment, furious at his fall, and the 20th, an Indian regiment, dashed forward upon the fort and the ruined houses, leaping the garden walls, and clambering up the broken fort sides. In a few minutes the place was taken. Most of the garrison escaped—a few toward the plain, where they were chased by a squadron of horse. Here Colonel Malet, a very brave officer, having saved the life of an Arab whom a trooper was about to cut down, was shot dead by the fellow he had rescued the moment he turned his back. But the casualties on the part of the British were very few.

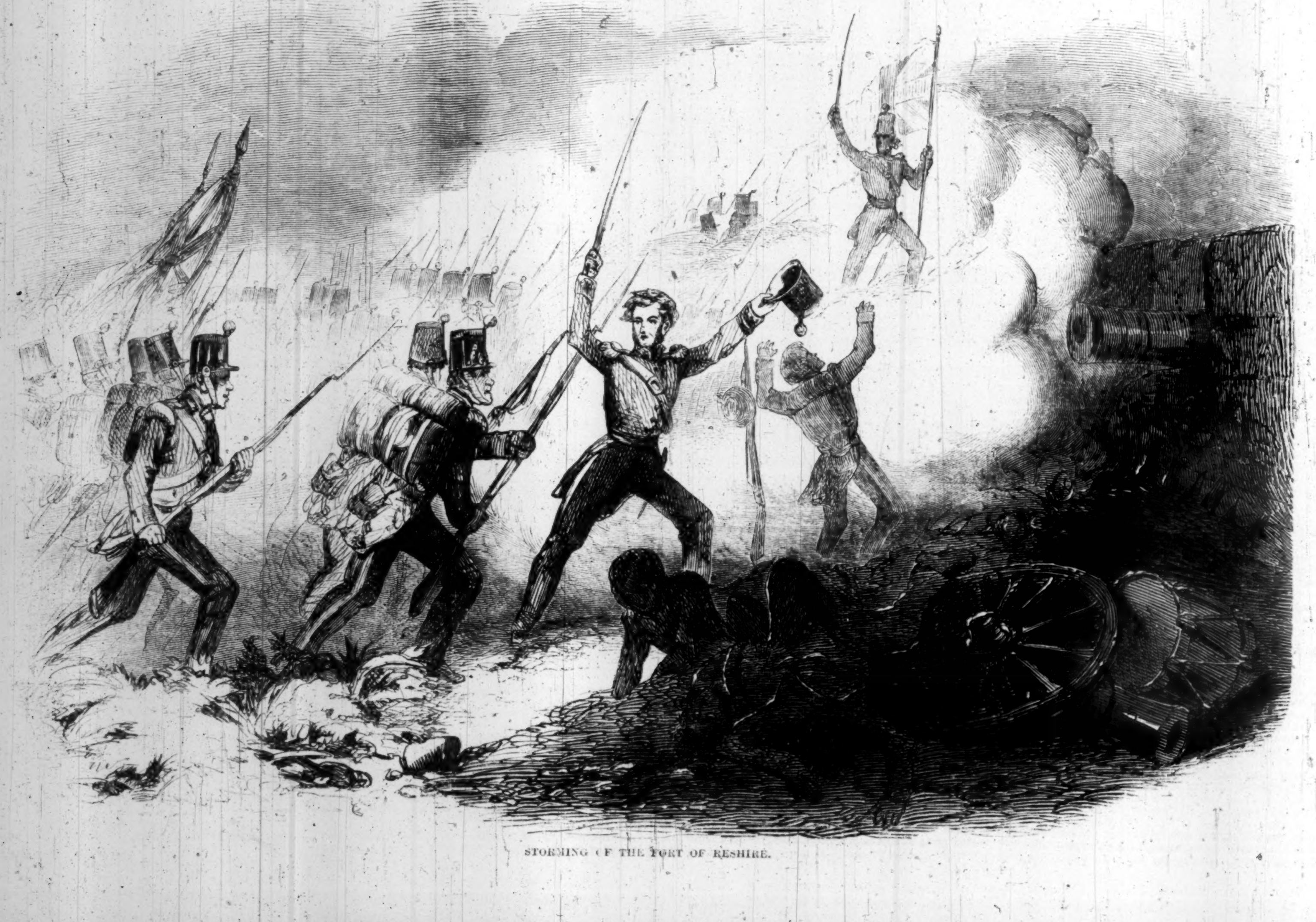
Reshire taken, the expeditionary force pushed on to Bushire, which the ships had been bombarding for some hours. By the time they arrived the Arab-Persians had had enough; they surrendered, and the army entered the town without striking a blow. Fifty-eight pieces of ordnance were taken in the place.

With the exception of some foraging expeditions into the interior, no other offensive movements have been made by the English, and no attempt has been made to disturb them in their conquests. On 4th March last peace was signed at Paris, between Feruk Khan on behalf of Persia, and the British embassador on behalf of England. It is understood that, after the peace, England is to have "an establishment" at Ormuz, and another at Karrack, and that she is to have consuls in every Persian port where any other nation enjoys the like privilege.

Such is the history of the war, in a few words. Its probable effects would take much longer to describe fully. They may be summed up in one sentence—the command of the Gulf is transferred to Great Britain.

The Persian Gulf, which covers an area nearly twice as great as Lake Superior, was, three centuries ago, the most busy sea washing the Asiatic coast. The Dutch and Portuguese had crept round into it, and studded its shores with forts and commercial dépôts; the pearl-fishery was active; the product of fruit, spices, corn, silk, etc., large. When these great medieval traders were expelled, the shores of the Gulf fell under the control of Arab Sheiks, sometimes nominal, sometimes actual dependents of the Shah or the Imaum of Muscat. The consequence was a steady decline in the value of property, in the safety of life, and in the prosperity of trade. Spoliation became the rule among the governors, idleness among the governed. When a Persian, by name Cadada, residing on one of the Gulf islands, was asked why he did not plant trees to shade his home, he answered:

"Take plenty time, plenty money, master. Shah say, 'Cadada plant tree, make grand house, have plenty money, give me money;' and I give



STORMING OF THE FORT OF RESHIRE.

THE SHAH REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.

money. Every body say, 'Cadada plenty money, give money;' and I give money because I plant tree and make nice. Arab come, say 'Cadada, fine house, fine garden, plenty money;' cut my throat, kill my wife, take my money. No, master, I live in house same as every body, and nobody say Cadada have money—no government care for Cadada."

This same philosophic Persian was discovered to be the owner of a watch worth sixty tomauns, or three hundred dollars. Being asked how he came to lay out so much on a watch—"Cadada," said he, "nowhere put money, so buy watch, buy rings. I take my watch, look time, 'sixty tomauns' say two o'clock, put my watch in my pocket, tick-tick, live thing say 'sixty tomauns.' What money I not buy watch, rings with, I hide. Plenty man do so; every people do so; no security here; my life not safe. One man tell Shah, 'Cadada speak bad word, make plot;' Shah say, 'Cut Cadada head off!' One man tell Governor, 'Cadada plenty money;' Governor say, 'Take half.' If law here good, I think make Persia best country in the world; plenty thing grow, plenty money, plenty care; now I no care, nobody no care make thing grow; when nobody no care, God no care, and nothing grow."

Could any thing depict more forcibly the consequences of Arab-Persian rule?

Hardly any thing has been written about the Persian Gulf; it seems to have been entirely neglected by literary travelers.

Before the war, the East India Company possessed two footholds on its shores—a "residence" at Bushire, and another at a place called Bassadore, on the Island of Khism, in the mouth.

The island of Khism or Khismis, which is fifty-four miles long by twenty wide, once contained above three hundred villages. It does not now contain one hundred huts besides the bazaar at Bassadore. It derived its name from its abundant harvests of grapes; it does not now yield a bushel. It was once under complete cultivation; the best part of it is now arid and barren as a ship's deck; but a few strips of land, which are left to nature, yield as many melons, gourds, cucumbers, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds as can be sold. The climate is cool and healthy. There are remains of the days of Portuguese greatness on all sides; among others, fine reservoirs now falling to ruin, and a burial-ground in which, among a variety of nondescript lapidary effusions, the Anglo-Saxon smiles at the following:

> Here lies W. G.,
> Who you never more will see,
> Has happy has can be,
> So do not think of he!

Bassadore is said to contain two hundred inhabitants, no small proportion of whom are ladies following the profession of the Assyrian Mylitta, and duly honored by the license of her Majesty the Queen. The island itself was given to the East India Company by the Imaum of Muscat some years ago; our friend Cadada's explanation sufficiently accounts for the unproductiveness of the gift.

Bushire is the best port in the Gulf. It is built on a sandy peninsula, and, before the bombard-

PERSIANS AND ARABS DEFENDING BUSHIRE.

ment, contained one or two respectable palaces, a tottering wall on the south side, and some round towers. It is a ruin now. The population was about 20,000, of whom Arabs and Armenians constituted the majority. The general rule appears to have been that every body paid half their earnings to the Sheik, who was squeezed at intervals by the Shah. All the trade of the place—which consisted of imports of sugar, rice, Manchester and Birmingham ware, sewing cotton, cotton and woolen cloths, tea, etc., and exports of wine, carpets, fruit, precious stones, corn, barley, cattle, etc.—was done through the East India Company's Resident. But for the exactions of the Sheik, the production of the country of which Bushire was the outlet, and consequently the consumption, would have been much greater. The roadstead is at some distance from the town; but it is roomy and safe. American vessels often go there, though, hitherto, we have had no resident consul. The climate is not particularly favorable. From October to May it can be borne well enough; but from May to October, in the somewhat profane figure of a Persian, there is but a sheet of brown paper between Bushire and the realms of Satan. During this season the residents mostly journey inland to the hills, and live in houses cooled by coverings of wet mats, a species of patent refrigerators on a large scale.

Such were the only points held by the East India Company previous to the war. They have now added Karrack and Ormuz, beyond all question the most valuable sites in the Gulf.

If Moore had ever been to Persia, he would never have celebrated Khism as "the pleasantest of islands;" that title belongs to Karrack, Kharrack, or Karej—it is spelled all ways. This is really a lovely island, abounding in the best and rarest of treasures—pure water—producing grapes, melons, vegetables of all kinds in profusion, and well supplied with pasture for cattle. It is about twelve miles by six, and distant some fifteen miles from Bushire, slightly nearer the head of the Gulf. One hundred years ago it contained a population of 12,000 souls, said to be of Dutch and Danish extraction; it does not now contain 200, mostly fishermen and pilots. In the hands of the East India Company, Karrack will become a station for watering ships and supplying them with fruit; it will also no doubt be settled, and cattle will be reared there. But the greatest resource of the island is its pearl fishery.

This has not been touched for years. For two centuries, the group of islands of which Bahren is the chief, lying over against the Arabian shore, have been the favorite spot with the divers. There during the months of June, July, and August, every year, the divers' boats may be counted by the score, baking under a sun which sends the mercury to 120° Fahrenheit, and only protected from the cut-throats of the main land by the kindly presence of a British man-of-war. A hard life they have of it, poor fellows! After a brief experience of their calling, sores break out all over their body, acute rheumatism attacks their joints, and they travel rapidly to the grave. While at work, they have to rely on the submarine springs for water to drink. When their supply is exhausted a diver is sent down, with a gun-barrel, which he fills from the spring at the bottom, and brings up to his mess-mates; woe betide him if he lets it escape or mix with the salt water. The sharks are a matter of course; of late years a species of grampus—familiarly known as Muscat Tom—seems to have frightened most of them away. To return to Karrack: In the neighborhood of that island most valuable pearl fisheries are known to lie, yet are untouched, in consequence of the apathy pervading the whole region. It is understood that the East India Company will encourage their development by private enterprise. The opportunity is tempting. It would require—to fish a bank properly—a fleet of twenty native boats, which would cost, in round numbers, $10,000. The daily expenses for boat and crew would be about $7 50 per boat, or $150 for the fleet; which, for the fishing season of ninety days, would be $13,500. Add five thousand dollars to this, for cost of keeping boats in repair, agency, etc., and the annual cost would be considerably under $20,000. It is estimated that the annual yield of pearls would be more than double this. Here is a chance for some of our speculators. Now that we have a treaty with Persia, who will go fish pearls at Karrack?

The other spot on which the East India Company are to have an establishment, is the famous island of Ormuz, or Hormuz, in the eye of the Gulf. This is the most arid, God-forsaken waste in the Gulf, without vegetation, or soil, or water; with nothing in the world to recommend it except its admirable position as the natural depôt for the foreign commerce of the Gulf, and a first-rate harbor. Four hundred years ago there was a flourishing native town there. Albuquerque took it in 1507, and made it the great emporium of Portuguese commerce in the East. Under his policy the town grew rapidly; it contained 40,000 inhabitants, when Shah Abbas, assisted by the English, took possession of it, and drove out the Portuguese, in 1622. Ever since then it has been declining; it is now a bald rock, with Albuquerque's fort in ugly ruin, reminding the traveler of the past, and with hardly any inhabitants but the worst kind of whip-snakes, who come tumbling about the traveler when he sits down, and—if the fall do not stun them, as it often does—bite most venomously.

It is hardly likely that the English intend to make Ormuz a great place of trade. It is not worth while pulling down Bushire. Ormuz will be a military and naval station, with such understanding with the Imaum of Muscat, who exercises a sort of chiefship over it, as may vest it completely, for practical purposes, in the hands of the East India Company.

The net results of the war may, therefore, be thus summed up. Herat is safe, and—so far as pledges go—will be safe for the future from attack from Persia. Thus Russia's advance upon India is blocked. Secondly, the East India Company obtains a firm footing in the Persian Gulf. Karrack, it seems, is to be declared a free port, and the sovereignty of the island is reserved to Persia. But it is quite plain that the real government will reside in the Resident of the Company. Finally, the key of the Gulf, Ormuz, will be the seat of a British military station. Persia gains—poor Persia, a trifle will satisfy her!—a pledge from England that Mr. Murray and his successors will not any more take Persian ladies under their protection, in defiance of the native courts.

Our interest in this adjustment of the quarrel is not so slight as seems on the surface. It has been insinuated that Mr. Spence made our treaty with Persia mainly in order to create an office to be filled. But this is absurd. American vessels are already doing a share of the carrying trade in the Gulf, and will do more, if properly introduced. And there is no reason in life why the East India Company should enjoy a monopoly of the markets of Bushire. A ship, judiciously freighted with a suitable assorted cargo of cottons, hardware, and notions, from New York or Boston, would, we are inclined to think, find a voyage to Bushire a very profitable enterprise.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH. INSIDE THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Pentreath's surprise at seeing a lady through the window was doubled by her amazement at seeing a gentleman, when she opened the door. Waiting close to the bell-handle, after he had rung, instead of rejoining his niece on the step, Uncle Joseph stood near enough to the house to be out of the range of view from Mrs. Pentreath's window. To the housekeeper's excited imagination he appeared on the threshold with the suddenness of an apparition—the apparition of a little rosy-faced old gentleman, smiling, bowing, and taking off his hat with a superb flourish of politeness, which had something quite superhuman in the sweep and the dexterity of it.

"How do you do? We have come to see the house," said Uncle Joseph, trying his infallible expedient for gaining admission the instant the door was opened.

Mrs. Pentreath was struck speechless. Who was this familiar old gentleman with the foreign accent and the fantastic bow? and what did he mean by talking to her as if she was his intimate friend? Mrs. Frankland's letter said not so much, from beginning to end, as one word about him.

"How do you do? We have come to see the house," repeated Uncle Joseph, giving his irresistible form of salutation the benefit of a second trial.

"So you said just now, Sir," remarked Mrs. Pentreath, recovering self-possession enough to use her tongue in her own defense. "Does the lady," she continued, looking down over the man's shoulder at the step on which his niece was standing; "does the lady wish to see the house too?"

Sarah's gently-spoken reply in the affirmative, short as it was, convinced the housekeeper that the woman described in Mrs. Frankland's letter really and truly stood before her. Besides the neat, quiet dress, there was now the softly-toned voice, and, when she looked up for a moment, there were the timid eyes also to identify her by! In relation to this one of the two strangers, Mrs. Pentreath, however agitated and surprised she might be, could no longer feel any uncertainty about the course she ought to adopt. But in relation to the other visitor, the incomprehensible old foreigner, she was beset by the most bewildering doubts. Would it be safest to hold to the letter of Mrs. Frankland's instructions, and ask him to wait outside while the lady was being shown over the house? or would it be best to act on her own responsibility, and to risk giving him admission as well as his companion? This was a difficult point to decide, and, therefore, one which it was necessary to submit to the superior sagacity of Mr. Munder.

"Will you step in for a moment, and wait here while I speak to the steward?" said Mrs. Pentreath, pointedly neglecting to notice the familiar old foreigner, and addressing herself straight through him to the lady on the steps below.

"Thank you very much," said Uncle Joseph, smiling and bowing, impervious to rebuke. "What did I tell you?" he whispered, triumphantly, to his niece, as she passed him on her way into the house.

Mrs. Pentreath's first impulse was to go down stairs at once, and speak to Mr. Munder. But a timely recollection of that part of Mrs. Frankland's letter which enjoined her not to lose sight of the lady in the quiet dress, brought her to a stand-still the next moment. She was the more easily recalled to a remembrance of this particular injunction, by a curious alteration in the conduct of the lady herself, who seemed to lose all her diffidence, and to become surprisingly impatient to lead the way into the interior of the house, the moment she had stepped across the threshold.

"Betsey!" cried Mrs. Pentreath, cautiously calling to the servant after she had only retired a few paces from the visitors. "Betsey! ask Mr. Munder to be so kind as to step this way."

Mr. Munder presented himself with great deliberation, and with a certain dark and lowering dignity in his face. He had been accustomed to be treated with deference, and he was not pleased with the housekeeper for unceremoniously leaving him the moment she heard the ring at the bell, without giving him time to pronounce an opinion on Mrs. Frankland's letter. Accordingly, when Mrs. Pentreath, in a high state of excitement, drew him aside out of hearing, and confided to him, in a whisper, the astounding intelligence that the lady in whom Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were so mysteriously interested was, at that moment, actually standing before him in the house, he received her communication with an air of the most provoking indifference. It was worse still when she proceeded to state her difficulties—warily keeping her eye on the two strangers all the while. Appeal as respectfully as she might to Mr. Munder's superior wisdom for guidance, he persisted in listening with a disparaging frown, and ended by irritably contradicting her when she ventured to add, in conclusion, that her own ideas inclined her to assume no responsibility, and to beg the foreign gentleman to wait outside while the lady, in conformity with Mrs. Frankland's instructions, was being shown over the house.

"Such may be your opinion, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, severely. "It is not mine."

The housekeeper looked aghast. "Perhaps," she suggested, deferentially, "you think that the foreign old gentleman would be likely to insist on going over the house with the lady?"

"Of course, I think so," said Mr. Munder. (He had thought nothing of the sort; his only idea just then being the idea of asserting his own supremacy by setting himself steadily in opposition to any preconceived arrangements of Mrs. Pentreath.)

"Then you would take the responsibility of showing them both over the house, seeing that they have both come to the door together?" asked the housekeeper.

"Of course, I would," answered the steward, with the marvelous promptitude of resolution which distinguishes all superior men.

"Well, Mr. Munder, I am always glad to be guided by your opinion, and I will be guided by it now," said Mrs. Pentreath. "But, as there will be two people to look after—for I would not trust the foreigner out of sight on any consideration whatever—I must really beg you to share the trouble of showing them over the house along with me. I am so excited and nervous that I don't feel as if I had all my wits about me—I never was placed in such a position as this before—I am in the midst of mysteries that I don't understand—and, in short, if I can't count on your assistance, I won't answer for it that I shall not make some mistake. I should be very sorry to make a mistake, not only on my own account, but—" Here the housekeeper stopped, and looked hard at Mr. Munder.

"Go on, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, with cruel composure.

"Not only on my own account," resumed Mrs. Pentreath, demurely, "but on yours; for Mrs. Frankland's letter certainly casts the responsibility of conducting this delicate business on your shoulders as well as on mine."

Mr. Munder recoiled a few steps, turned red, opened his lips indignantly, hesitated, and closed them again. He was fairly caught in a trap of his own setting. He could not retreat from the responsibility of directing the housekeeper's conduct, the moment after he had voluntarily assumed it; and he could not deny that Mrs. Frankland's letter positively and repeatedly referred to him by name. There was only one way of getting out of the difficulty with dignity, and Mr. Munder unblushingly took that way, the moment he had recovered self-possession enough to collect himself for the effort.

"I am perfectly amazed, Mrs. Pentreath," he began, with the gravest dignity. "Yes, I repeat, I am perfectly amazed that you should think me capable of leaving you to go over the house alone, under such remarkable circumstances as those we are now placed in. No, ma'am! whatever my other faults may be, shrinking from my share of a responsibility is not one of them. I don't require to be reminded of Mrs. Frankland's letter; and—no!—I don't require any apologies. I am ready, ma'am—quite ready to show the way up stairs, whenever you are."

"The sooner the better, Mr. Munder; for there is that audacious old foreigner actually chattering to Betsey now, as if he had known her all his life!"

The assertion was quite true. Uncle Joseph was exercising his gift of familiarity on the maid-servant (who had lingered to stare at the strangers, instead of going back to the kitchen), just as he had already exercised on the old lady passenger in the stage-coach, and on the driver of the pony-chaise, which took his niece and himself to the post-town of Porthgenna. While the housekeeper and the steward were holding their private conference, he was keeping Betsey in ecstasies of suppressed giggling by the odd questions that he asked about the house, and about how she got on with her work in it. His inquiries had naturally led from the south side of the building, by which he and his companion had entered, to the west side, which they were shortly to explore; and thence round to the north side, which was forbidden ground to every body in the house. When Mrs. Pentreath came forward with the steward, she overheard this exchange of question and answer passing between the foreigner and the maid:

"But tell me, Betzi, my dear," said Uncle Joseph. "Why does nobody ever go into these mouldy old rooms?"

"Because there's a ghost in them," answered Betsey, with a burst of laughter, as if a series of haunted rooms and a series of excellent jokes meant precisely the same thing.

"Hold your tongue directly, and go back to the kitchen," cried Mrs. Pentreath, indignantly. "The ignorant people about here," she continued, still pointedly overlooking Uncle Joseph, and addressing herself only to Sarah, "tell absurd stories about some old rooms on the unrepaired side of the house, which have not been inhabited for more than half a century past—absurd stories about a ghost; and my servant is foolish enough to believe them."

"No, I'm not," said Betsey, retiring, under protest, to the lower regions. "I don't believe a word about the ghost—at least, not in the daytime." Adding that important saving clause in a whisper, Betsey unwillingly withdrew from the scene.

Mrs. Pentreath observed with some surprise that the mysterious lady in the quiet dress turned very pale at the mention of the ghost story, and made no remark on it whatever. While she was still wondering what this meant, Mr. Munder emerged into dignified prominence, and loftily addressed himself, not to Uncle Joseph, and not to Sarah, but to the empty air between them.

"If you wish to see the house," he said, "you will have the goodness to follow me."

With those words, Mr. Munder turned solemnly into the passage that led to the foot of the west stair-case, walking with that peculiar slow strut in which all serious-minded English people indulge when they go out to take a little exercise on Sunday. The housekeeper, adapting her pace, with feminine pliancy, to the pace of the steward, walked the national Sabbatarian Polonaise by his side, as if she was out with him for a mouthful of fresh air between the services.

"As I'm a living sinner, this going over the house is like going to a funeral!" whispered Uncle Joseph to his niece. He drew her arm into his, and felt, as he did so, that she was trembling.

"What is the matter?" he asked, under his breath.

"Uncle! there is something unnatural about the readiness of these people to show us over the house," was the faintly-whispered answer. "What were they talking about just now, out of our hearing? Why did that woman keep her eyes fixed so constantly on me?"

Before the old man could answer, the housekeeper looked round, and begged, with the severest emphasis, that they would be good enough to follow. In less than another minute they were all standing at the foot of the west staircase.

"Aha!" cried Uncle Joseph, as easy and talkative as ever, even in the presence of Mr. Munder himself. "A fine big house, and a very good stair-case."

"We are not accustomed to hear either the house or the stair-case spoken of in those terms, Sir," said Mr. Munder, resolving to nip the foreigner's familiarity in the bud. "The Guide to West Cornwall, which you would have done well to make yourself acquainted with before you came here, describes Porthgenna Tower as a Mansion, and uses the word Spacious in speaking of the west stair-case. I regret to find, Sir, that you have not consulted the Guide-Book to West Cornwall."

"And why?" rejoined the unabashed German. "What do I want with a book when I have got you for my guide? Ah, dear Sir, but you are not just to yourself! Is not a living guide like you, who talks and walks about, better for me than dead leaves of print and paper? Ah, no, no! I shall not hear another word—I shall not hear you do any more injustice to yourself." Here Uncle Joseph made another fantastic bow, looked up smiling into the steward's face, and shook his head several times with an air of friendly reproach.

Mr. Munder felt paralyzed. He could not have been treated with more easy and indifferent familiarity if this obscure foreign stranger had been an English duke. He had often heard of the climax of audacity, and here it was visibly and marvelously embodied in one small, elderly individual who did not rise quite five feet from the ground he stood on!

While the steward was swelling with a sense of injury too large for utterance, the housekeeper, followed by Sarah, was slowly ascending the stairs. Uncle Joseph seeing them go up hastened to join his niece, and Mr. Munder, after waiting a little while on the mat to recover himself, followed the audacious foreigner with the intention of watching his conduct narrowly, and chastising his insolence at the first opportunity with stinging words of rebuke.

The procession up the stairs thus formed was not, however, closed by the steward: it was further adorned and completed by Betsey, the servant-maid, who stole out of the kitchen to follow the strange visitors over the house as closely as she could without attracting the notice of Mrs. Pentreath. Betsey had her share of nat-

ural human curiosity and love of change. No such event as the arrival of strangers had ever before enlivened the dreary monotony of Porthgenna Tower within her experience, and she was resolved not to stay alone in the kitchen while there was a chance of hearing a stray word of the conversation, or catching a chance glimpse of the proceedings among the company up stairs.

In the mean time the housekeeper had led the way as far as the first-floor landing, on either side of which the principal rooms in the west front were situated. Sharpened by fear and suspicion, Sarah's eyes immediately detected the repairs which had been effected in the banisters and stairs of the second flight.

"You have had workmen in the house?" she said quickly to Mrs. Pentreath.

"You mean on the stairs?" returned the housekeeper. "Yes, we have had workmen there."

"And nowhere else?"

"No; but they are wanted in other places badly enough. Even here, on the best side of the house, half the bedrooms up stairs are hardly fit to sleep in. They were any thing but comfortable, as I have heard, even in the late Mrs. Treverton's time; and since she died—"

The housekeeper stopped, with a frown and a look of surprise. The lady in the quiet dress, instead of sustaining the reputation for good manners which had been conferred on her in Mrs. Franklin's letter, was guilty of the unpardonable discourtesy of turning away from Mrs. Pentreath before she had done speaking. Determined not to allow herself to be impertinently silenced in that way, she coldly and distinctly repeated her last words:

"And since Mrs. Treverton died—"

She was interrupted for the second time. The strange lady quickly turning round again, confronted her with a very pale face and a very eager look, and asked, in the most abrupt manner, an utterly irrelevant question.

"Tell me about that ghost story," she said. "Do they say it is the ghost of a man or of a woman?"

"I was speaking of the late Mrs. Treverton," said the housekeeper, in her severest tones of reproof, "and not of the ghost story about the north rooms. You would have known that, if you had done me the favor to listen to what I said."

"I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon a thousand times for seeming inattentive! It struck me just then—or, at least, I wanted to know—"

"If you care to know about any thing so absurd," said Mrs. Pentreath, mollified by the evident sincerity of the apology that had been offered to her, "the ghost, according to the story, is the ghost of a woman."

The strange lady's face grew whiter than ever, and she turned away once more to the open window on the landing.

"How hot it is!" she said, putting her head out into the air.

"Hot, with a northeast wind?" exclaimed Mrs. Pentreath, in amazement.

Here Uncle Joseph came forward with a polite request to know when they were going to look over the rooms. For the last few minutes he had been asking all sorts of questions of Mr. Munder, and, having received no answers which were not of the shortest and most ungracious kind, had given up talking to the steward in despair.

Mrs. Pentreath prepared to lead the way into the breakfast-room, library, and drawing-room. All three communicated with each other, and each room had a second door opening on a long passage, the entrance to which was on the right-hand side of the first-floor landing. Before leading the way into these rooms, the housekeeper touched Sarah on the shoulder to intimate that it was time to be moving on.

"As for the ghost story," resumed Mrs. Pentreath while she opened the breakfast-room door, "you must apply to the ignorant people who believe in it, if you want to hear it all told. Whether the ghost is an old ghost or a new ghost, and why she is supposed to walk, is more than I can tell you." In spite of the housekeeper's affectation of indifference toward the popular superstition, she had heard enough of the ghost story to frighten her, though she would not confess it. Inside the house, or outside the house, nobody much less willing to venture into the north rooms alone could in real truth have been found than Mrs. Pentreath herself.

While the housekeeper was drawing up the blinds in the breakfast-parlor, and while Mr. Munder was opening the door that led out of it into the library, Uncle Joseph stole to his niece's side, and spoke a few words of encouragement to her in his quaint, kindly way.

"Courage!" he whispered. "Keep your wits about you, Sarah, and catch your little opportunity whenever you can."

"My thoughts! My thoughts!" she answered, in the same low key. "This house rouses them all against me. Oh, why did I ever venture into it again?"

"You had better look at the view from the window now," said Mrs. Pentreath, after she had drawn up the blind. "It is very much admired."

While affairs were in this stage of progress on the first floor of the house, Betsey, who had been hitherto stealing up by a stair at a time from the hall, and listening with all her ears in the intervals of the ascent, finding that no sound of voices now reached her, bethought herself of returning to the kitchen again, and of looking after the housekeeper's dinner, which was being kept warm by the fire. She descended to the lower regions, wondering what part of the house the strangers would want to see next, and puzzling her brains to find out some excuse for attaching herself to the exploring party.

After the view from the breakfast-room window had been duly contemplated, the library was next entered. In this room, Mrs. Pentreath, having some leisure to look about her, and employing that leisure in observing the conduct of the steward, arrived at the unpleasant conviction that Mr. Munder was by no means to be depended on to assist her in the important business of watching the proceedings of the two strangers. Doubly stimulated to assert his own dignity by the disrespectfully easy manner in which he had been treated by Uncle Joseph, the sole object of Mr. Munder's ambition seemed to be to divest himself as completely as possible of the character of guide, which the unscrupulous foreigner sought to confer on him. He sauntered heavily about the rooms, with the air of a casual visitor, staring out of window, peeping into books on tables, frowning at himself in the chimney-glasses—looking, in short, anywhere but where he ought to look. The housekeeper, exasperated by this affectation of indifference, whispered to him irritably to keep his eye on the foreigner, as it was quite as much as she could do to look after the lady in the quiet dress.

"Very good; very good," said Mr. Munder, with sulky carelessness. "And where are you going to next, ma'am, after we have been into the drawing-room? Back again, through the library, into the breakfast-room, or out at once into the passage? Be good enough to settle which, as you seem to be in the way of settling every thing."

"Into the passage, to be sure," answered Mrs. Pentreath, "to show the next three rooms beyond these."

Mr. Munder sauntered out of the library, through the door-way of communication, into the drawing-room, unlocked the door leading into the passage—then, to the great disgust of the housekeeper, strolled to the fire-place and looked at himself in the glass over it, just as attentively as he had looked at himself in the library mirror, hardly a minute before.

"This is the west drawing-room," said Mrs. Pentreath, calling to the visitors. "The carving of the stone chimney-piece," she added, with the mischievous intention of bringing them into the closest proximity to the steward, "is considered the finest thing in the whole apartment."

Driven from the looking-glass by this manœuvre, Mr. Munder provokingly sauntered to the window, and looked out. Sarah, still pale and silent—but with a certain unwonted resoluteness just gathering, as it were, in the lines about her lips—stopped thoughtfully by the chimney-piece, when the housekeeper pointed it out to her. Uncle Joseph, looking all round the room in his discursive manner, spied, in the furthest corner of it from the door that led into the passage, a beautiful maple-wood table and cabinet, of a very peculiar pattern. His workman-like enthusiasm was instantly aroused; and he darted across the room to examine the make of the cabinet closely. The table beneath projected a little way in front of it, and, of all the objects in the world, what should he see reposing on the flat space of the projection, but a magnificent musical-box at least three times the size of his own!

"Aïe! Aïe!! Aïe!!!" cried Uncle Joseph, in an ascending scale of admiration, which ended at the very top of his voice. "Open him! set him going! let me hear what he plays!" He stopped for want of words to express his impatience, and drummed with both hands on the lid of the musical box, in a burst of uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"Mr. Munder!" exclaimed the housekeeper, hurrying across the room in great indignation. "Why don't you look? why don't you stop him? He's breaking open the musical box. Be quiet, Sir! How dare you touch me?"

"Set him going! set him going!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, dropping Mrs. Pentreath's arm, which he had seized in his agitation. "Look here! this by my side is a music-box, too! Set him going! Does he play Mozart? He is three times bigger than ever I saw! See! see! this box of mine—this tiny bit of box that looks nothing by the side of yours—it was given to my own brother by the king of all the music-composers that ever lived, by the divine Mozart himself. Set the big box going, and you shall hear the little baby-box pipe after! Ah, dear and good madam, if you love me—"

"Sir!!!" exclaimed the housekeeper, reddening with virtuous indignation to the very roots of her hair."

"What do you mean, Sir, by addressing such outrageous language as that to a respectable female?" inquired Mr. Munder, approaching to the rescue. "Do you think we want your foreign noises, and your foreign morals, and your foreign profanity here? Yes, Sir! profanity. Any man who calls any human individual, whether musical or otherwise, 'divine,' is a profane man. Who are you, you extremely audacious person? Are you an infidel?"

Before Uncle Joseph could say a word in vindication of his principles; before Mr. Munder could relieve himself of any more indignation, they were both startled into momentary silence by an exclamation of alarm from the housekeeper.

"Where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, standing in the middle of the drawing-room, and looking with bewildered eyes all around her.

The lady in the quiet dress had vanished.

She was not in the library, not in the breakfast-room, not in the passage outside. After searching in those three places, the housekeeper came back to Mr. Munder with a look of downright terror in her face, and stood staring at him for a moment, perfectly helpless and perfectly silent. As soon as she recovered herself she turned fiercely on Uncle Joseph.

"Where is she? I insist on knowing what has become of her! You cunning, wicked, impudent old man! where is she?" cried Mrs. Pentreath, with no color in her cheeks, and no mercy in her eyes.

"I suppose, she is looking about the house by herself," said Uncle Joseph. "We shall find her surely as we take our walks through the other rooms." Simple as he was, the old man had, nevertheless, acuteness enough to perceive that he had accidentally rendered the very service to his niece of which she stood in need. If he had been the most artful of mankind, he could have devised no better means of diverting Mrs. Pentreath's attention from Sarah to himself than the very means which he had just used in perfect innocence, at the very moment when his thoughts were farthest away from the real object with which he and his niece had entered the house. "So! so!" thought Uncle Joseph to himself, "while these two angry people were scolding me for nothing, Sarah has slipped away to the room where the letter is. Good! I have only to wait till she comes back, and to let the two angry people go on scolding me as long as they please."

"What are we to do? Mr. Munder! what on earth are we to do?" asked the housekeeper. "We can't waste the precious minutes staring at each other here. This woman must be found. Stop! she asked questions about the stairs—she looked up at the second floor, the moment we got on the landing. Mr. Munder! wait here, and don't let that foreigner out of your sight for a moment. Wait here while I run up and look into the second floor passage. All the bedroom doors are locked—I defy her to hide herself if she has gone up there." With those words, the housekeeper ran out of the drawing-room, and breathlessly ascended the second flight of stairs.

While Mrs. Pentreath was searching on the west side of the house, Sarah was hurrying, at the top of her speed, along the lonely passages that led to the north rooms.

Terrified into decisive action by the desperate nature of the situation, she had slipped out of the drawing-room into the passage the instant she saw Mrs. Pentreath's back turned on her. Without stopping to think, without attempting to compose herself, she ran down the stairs of the first floor, and made straight for the housekeeper's room. She had no excuses ready, if she had found any body there, or if she had met any body on the way. She had formed no plan where to seek for them next, if the keys of the north rooms were not hanging in the place where she still expected to find them. Her mind was lost in confusion; her temples throbbed as if they would burst with the heat at her brain. The one blind, wild, headlong purpose of getting into the Myrtle Room drove her on, gave unnatural swiftness to her trembling feet, unnatural strength to her shaking hands, unnatural courage to her sinking heart.

She ran into the housekeeper's room without even the ordinary caution of waiting for a moment to listen outside the door. No one was there. One glance at the well-remembered nail in the wall showed her the keys still hanging to it in a bunch, as they had hung in the long past time. She had them in her possession in a moment; and was away again, along the solitary passages that led to the north rooms, threading their turnings and windings as if she had left them but the day before; never pausing to listen or to look behind her, never slackening her speed till she was at the top of the back stair-case, and had her hand on the locked door that led into the north hall.

As she turned over the bunch to find the first key that was required, she discovered—what her hurry had hitherto prevented her from noticing—the numbered labels which the builder had methodically attached to all the keys, when he had been sent to Porthgenna by Mr. Frankland to survey the house. At the first sight of them, her searching hands paused in their work instantaneously, and she shivered all over, as if a sudden chill had struck her.

If she had been less violently agitated, the discovery of the new labels and the suspicions to which the sight of them instantly gave rise would, in all probability, have checked her further progress. But the confusion of her mind was now too great to allow her to piece together even the veriest fragments of thoughts. Vaguely conscious of a new terror, of a sharpened distrust that doubled and trebled the headlong impatience which had driven her on thus far, she desperately resumed her search through the bunch of keys. One of them had no label; it was larger than the rest—it was the key that fitted the door of communication before which she stood. She turned it in the rusty lock with a strength which, at any other time, she would have been utterly incapable of exerting; she opened the door with a blow of her hand, which burst it away at one stroke from the jambs to which it stuck. Panting for breath, she flew across the forsaken north hall, without stopping for one second to push the door to behind her. The creeping creatures, the noisome house-reptiles that possessed the place, crawled away, shadow-like, on either side of her toward the walls. She never noticed them, never turned away for them. Across the hall and up the stairs at the end of it, she ran, till she gained the open landing at the top—and there she suddenly checked herself in front of the first door.

The first door of the long range of rooms that opened on the landing; the door that fronted the topmost of the flight of stairs. She stopped; she looked at it—it was not the door she had come to open; and yet she could not tear herself away from it. Scrawled on the panel in white chalk was the figure "I." And when she looked down at the bunch of keys in her hands, there was the figure "I.," on a label, answering to it.

She tried to think, to follow out any one of all the thronging suspicions that beset her, to the conclusion at which it might point. The effort was useless; her mind was gone; her bodily senses of seeing and hearing—senses which had now become painfully and incomprehensibly sharpened—seemed to be the sole relics of intelligence that she had left to guide her. She put her hand over her eyes, and waited a little so, and then went on slowly along the landing, looking at the doors.

No. "II.," No. "III.," No. "IV.," traced on the panels in the same white chalk, and answering to the numbered labels on the keys, the figures on which were written in ink. No. "IV." the middle room of the first floor range of eight. She stopped there again, trembling from head to foot. It was the door of the Myrtle Room.

Did the chalked numbers stop there? She looked on, down the landing. No. The four doors remaining were regularly numbered on to "VIII."

She came back again to the door of the Myrtle Room, sought out the key labeled with the figure "IV.," hesitated, and looked back distrustfully over the deserted hall.

The canvases of the old family pictures, which she had seen bulging out from their frames in the past time when she hid the letter, had, for the most part, rotted away from them now, and lay in great black ragged strips on the floor of the hall. Islands and continents of damp spread like the map of some strange region over the lofty vaulted ceiling. Cobwebs, heavy with dust, hung down in festoons from broken cornices. Dirt stains lay on the stone pavement, like gross reflections of the damp stains on the ceiling. The broad flight of stairs leading up to the open landing before the rooms of the first floor, had sunk down bodily toward one side. The banisters which protected the outer edge of the landing were broken away into ragged gaps. The light of day was stained, the air of heaven was stilled, the sounds of earth were silenced in the north hall.

Silenced? Were *all* sounds silenced? Or was there something stirring that just touched the sense of hearing, that just deepened the dismal stillness, and no more?

Sarah listened, keeping her face still set toward the hall—listened, and heard a faint sound behind her. Was it outside the door on which her back was turned? Or was it inside—in the Myrtle Room?

Inside. With the first conviction of that, all thought, all sensation left her. She forgot the suspicious numbering of the doors; she became insensible to the lapse of time, unconscious to the risk of discovery. All exercise of her other faculties was now merged in the exercise of the one faculty of listening.

It was a still, faint, stealthily-rustling sound; and it moved to and fro at intervals, to and fro softly, now at one end, now at the other, of the Myrtle Room. There were moments when it grew suddenly distinct; other moments when it died away in gradations too light to follow. Sometimes it seemed to sweep over the floor at a bound; sometimes it crept with slow, continuous rustlings, that just wavered on the verge of absolute silence.

Her feet still rooted to the spot on which she stood, Sarah turned her head slowly, inch by inch, toward the door of the Myrtle Room. A moment before, while she was as yet unconscious of the faint sound moving to and fro, within it, she had been drawing her breath heavily and quickly. She might have been dead now, her bosom was so still, her breathing so noiseless. The same mysterious change came over her face which had altered it when the darkness began to gather in the little parlor at Truro. The same fearful look of inquiry which she had then

fixed on the vacant corner of the room was in her eyes now, as they slowly turned on the door.

"Mistress!" she whispered. "Am I too late? Are you there before me?"

The stealthily-rustling sound paused—renewed itself—died away again faintly; away at the lower end of the room.

Her eyes still remaining fixed on the Myrtle Room, strained, and opened wider and wider—opened as if they would look through the very door itself—opened as if they were watching for the opaque wood to turn transparent, and show what was behind it.

"Over the lonesome floor, over the lonesome floor—how light it moves!" she whispered again. "Mistress! does the shroud they buried you in rustle no louder than that?"

The sound stopped again—then suddenly advanced at one stealthy sweep, close to the inside of the door.

If she could have moved at that moment; if she could have looked down to the line of open space between the bottom of the door and the flooring below, when the faintly-rustling sound came nearest to her, she might have seen the insignificant cause that produced it lying self-betrayed under the door, partly outside, partly inside, in the shape of a fragment of faded red paper from the wall of the Myrtle Room. Time and damp had loosened the paper all round the apartment. Two or three yards of it had been torn off by the builder, while he was examining the walls—sometimes in large pieces, sometimes in small pieces, just as it happened to come away—and had been thrown down by him on the bare boarded floor, to become the sport of the wind, whenever it happened to blow through the broken panes of glass in the window. If she had only moved! If she had only looked down for one second of time! But she was past moving and past looking; the paroxysm of superstitious horror that possessed her, held her still in every limb and every feature. She never started, she uttered no cry, when the rustling noise came nearest. The one outward sign which showed how the terror of its approach shook her to the very soul, expressed itself only in the changed action of her right hand, in which she still held the keys. At the instant when the wind wafted the fragment of paper closest to the door, her fingers lost their power of contraction, and became as nerveless and helpless as if she had fainted. The heavy bunch of keys slipped from her suddenly-loosened grasp, dropped at her side on the outer edge of the landing, rolled off through a gap in the broken banister, and fell on the stone pavement below, with a crash which made the sleeping echoes shriek again, as if they were sentient beings writhing under the torture of sound!

The crash of the falling keys, ringing and ringing again through the stillness, woke her, as it were, to instant consciousness of present events and present perils. She started, staggered backward, and raised both her hands wildly to her head—paused so for a few seconds—then made for the top of the stairs with the purpose of descending into the hall to recover the keys.

Before she had advanced three paces the shrill sound of a woman's scream came from the door of communication at the opposite end of the hall. The scream was twice repeated at a greater distance off, and was followed by a confused noise of rapidly advancing voices and footsteps.

She staggered desperately a few paces further, and reached the first of the row of doors that opened on the landing. There Nature sank exhausted; her knees gave way under her—her breath, her sight, her hearing, all seemed to fail her together at the same instant—and she dropped down senseless on the floor at the head of the stairs.

NO ENTHUSIAST.

The energy of the manner of the late Rowland Hill, and the power of his voice, are said to have been at times overwhelming. While once preaching at Wotton-under-Edge, his country residence, he was carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and, raising himself to his full height, exclaimed, "Beware; I am in earnest; men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard to the town below, a distance of a mile. Help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then—and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape by repenting and fleeing to Christ, shall I be called an enthusiast? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing."

THE BIRD AND THE BEE.

It happened once, in a hot summer's day, I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stone-work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present and desired no more. This is contentment. Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee, humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I know, for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but it spied the stamina full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its legs against them until they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, heavily laden, flew away home. Then said I: "Thou camest seeking honey, and finding none hast been satisfied with wax, and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor may not be in vain. This, likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment." The night is far spent, the dark night of trouble, that sometimes threatened to close around us; but the day is at hand, and even in the night there are stars, and I have looked out on them and been comforted; for as one set I could always see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

MABLE'S FIRST OF APRIL.

March muttering windy oaths went down the lane;
Upon the apple boughs the buds had knitted;
And like a golden bird, half-drenched with rain,
From heaven April flitted.

The lizards woke, and stretched each agile limb
That winter's lonesome torpor nigh had crippled,
And o'er the distant mountain's ragged brim
A stream of sunlight rippled.

All earth laughed cheerily, and even the Sea
Showed his white teeth in jollity, not anger;
Each form of Nature, was it bird or tree,
Forsook its frozen languor.

At a deep window, sashed with diamond lines,
Patiently watching, sat the pallid Mable;
A lily flowering through the leafless vines
That coiled around the gable!

Day after day, since autumn quenched its fires;
Through all the gusty noons of drear November;
Through that white winter—hoarier than his sires—
She watched within her chamber;

Her gaze fast fixed upon the cottage gate
Which swung between two pine-trees that austerely
Stood, like grim sentinels, to guard from Fate
The mistress loved so dearly.

And sometimes when the creaking gate would sway,
Her pallid cheeks would suddenly grow paler,
And with an inward murmur she would say,
"Here comes my gallant sailor!"

But still he came not. Still the broken ring
Lay on her patient heart—itself nigh broken—
The autumn should have seen it claimed, but spring
Still found the bitter token.

So happed it on that day of April's birth
She sat and watched the gate and pathway near it;
The sunlight laved the breathing breast of earth,
But none suffused her spirit.

Through her heart, bursting with unuttered pain,
One dull strain echoed she could not unlearn—
"My love that sailed across the Spanish Main,
He never will return!"

But while she tried to drown this monotone
That like a death-bell through her frame vibrated,
She heard the old gate swing, and swinging groan
With woe anticipated!

And down the miry path a stranger strode;
Quaint foreign fashions in his clothes were blended,
While from his face, where tropic sunlight glowed,
A tawny beard descended.

Eagerly Mable scanned the stranger's face,
Each feature seeking to her love to alter,
But in the sunburned visage found no trace
Of gallant Captain Walter.

And her poor heart, with hope a moment buoyed,
Into fresh deeps of woe sank all the faster,
And once again the universe seemed void,
And life a long disaster.

"Ho! Maiden, if your name should Mable be,
To speak with you, full many a mile I've measured;
I bring you tidings from the Spanish Sea
Of him whose love you treasured."

Quick as the squirrel when from tree-top tall,
Through intertwisted boughs to earth he flashes,
Mable, with lightning speed, was in the hall,
Paler than green-wood ashes.

"Oh! sailor, bring you tidings of my love?
My love that holds my being's best devotion;
Say, is he with the angel-stars above,
Or does he sail the ocean?"

He clasped her small hand in his own rough palm;
"Sweet lass," he said, "the tale is melancholy."
"Nay, tell it!" gasped she; "see! I will be calm,
Nor show a woman's folly."

"I sailed with Captain Walter," he began,
"As boy and man, since ever I remember;
Till on a coral reef our vessel ran,
The tenth of last September.

"The breakers swept our decks completely clean;
We sailors dressed ourselves, and prayed to Heaven;
Our only boat would barely hold eighteen,
And we were thirty-seven.

"Then we cast lots to see who first should go,
Though little hope did any of us nourish;
When some one cried, 'The boat is gone, and so
We all are left to perish!'

"We looked, and saw the boat steer for the shore,
With five deserters; and all eyes grew salter
When they beheld the chief mate and three more
With craven Captain Walter!

"But while we gazed, and while the hopeless crew
Cursed the false captain that they all had cherished,
A great sea swamped the boat—they sank from view,
And miserably perished.

"But God watched over us. The tempest died,
The hull still held, and it was sunny weather;
Until a passing ship our flag descried,
And saved us altogether."

He ceased. But while he spoke a red spot grew
On Mable's pale cheek, and her full lips trembled;
While from her eyes a fire electric flew
Of passion undissembled.

"He lies who says my love was false!" she cried;
"He lies who calls the gallant Walter craven!
I see the false heart that you can not hide,
Thou treacherous sea-raven!

"He may be dead! What matter—I can die!
May love another—still I can not alter;
But be a coward, and from danger fly?
No, not my hero Walter!"

Round her small waist the sailor's arm is flung,
His eyes gaze into hers, his face leans o'er her;
The tawny beard falls off, and, fair and young,
Her Walter stands before her!

"A pardon, Mable," whispered in her ears;
"April is consecrate to sweet surprises;
And from its mingled sunshine and its tears
The arch of Hope arises!"

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

A STANZA. "VERSE SWEETENS TOIL."

In Boswell's Journal of his Tour to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland with Dr. Johnson in 1773, occurs this passage: "We came to Nairn to breakfast. Though a county town and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song. 'I'll warrant you,' said Dr. Johnson, 'one of the songs of Ossian.' He then repeated these lines:

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

"I thought I had heard these lines before." "I fancy not, Sir; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Gifford, a parson."

Malone, in his notes on Boswell, says the poem in which these lines occur has hitherto been undiscovered. His last edition was in 1811. Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes, gives an account of the author. The Rev. Richard Gifford, of Baliol College, Oxford, was a clergyman in esteem in the last century, and author of several publications of a theological and metaphysical character. His poem, "Contemplation," which contains the lines on Verse, was published for one shilling in 1753. The author lived to see Johnson's admiration, of which he was proud, printed in Boswell. Gifford was for half a century an occasional correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In that periodical for April, 1753, will be found a notice of the poem, with a quotation of these stanzas, which are of interest for their association with the memory of Johnson, if not for their own merits.

Health invoked by the Valetudinarian Student.

How shall I woo thee, sweetest, rose-lipp'd fair?
When to my eag r bosom press thy cha ms?
No fleecy lambkins ask my evening's care,
No morning toils have nerv'd my youthful arms.

Yet say, oh say, bright daughter of the sky,
Wilt thou still shun the student's midnight oil?
And, oh too partial! ev'ry grace deny
To all but yonder sturdy sons of toil?

Would numbers win thee, thou no lay shouldst need,
Whether the Muses sacred load resides
Among the Dryads, on the daisied mead,
Where Cam's fair stream, or silver Isis glides:

But thy chill breast repels the poet's fires;
Ev'n rapt Musæus felt, amid the strains
That drew down angels from their golden lyres,
Head-clouding vapors and heart-rending pains.

The "Musæus" of the last stanza was Pope.

The poet Bryant, no slight additional charm, is a warm admirer of Johnson's favorite, "Verse sweetens Toil." It is cited with feeling in one of his "Letters of a Traveler," descriptive of a slave factory in Virginia.

WHAT WILL POSTERITY THINK OF GOETHE?

De Quincey, the Opium Eater, though much addicted to German studies, is no wholesale admirer of Goethe. He admires the "Herrmann and Dorothea" more than "Faust" or "Wilhelm Meister," as dealing in a common-sense way with plainer realities; indeed, thinks that Goethe "mistook his destination, that his aspiring nature misled him, and that his success would have been greater had he confined himself to the *real* in domestic life, without raising his eyes to the *ideal*." "Three causes," he maintains, "have concurred to push his reputation far beyond the proportion of real and genuine interest attached to his works. *First*, his extraordinary age; for the last twenty years Goethe had been the patriarch of German literature. *Secondly*, the splendor of his official rank at the Court of Weimar; he was the minister and private friend of the patriot sovereign among the princes of Germany. *Thirdly*, the quantity of enigmatical and unintelligible writing which he has designedly thrown into his latter works, by way of keeping up a system of discussion and strife upon his own meaning among the critics of his country. These disputes, had his meaning been of any value in his own eyes, he would naturally have settled by a few authoritative words from himself; but it was his policy to keep alive the feud in a case where it was of importance that his name should continue to excite the world, but of none at all that he should be rightly interpreted."

AN OLD SPANISH INN TRICK.

The Countess D'Aulnoy, the author of the celebrated Fairy Tales, which have contributed so largely to the innocent "gayety of nations," left also a highly entertaining book of Travels in Spain, which was formerly so popular in England that the translation, fifty years ago, had reached the eleventh edition. The book is in the form of letters from the country, addressed to a cousin, and the easy narrative overflows with fact, incident, adventure, and romance—the lady's sympathies drawing to her many pathetic and fanciful stories, which she sets down, in perfect good faith, by the side of substantial and unquestionable statistics. She has entered France through the Biscayan provinces, and has advanced with a considerable train—for she travels like a princess—when she meets with this impudently-amusing sharp practice of a Spanish landlady at an inn in Burgos. The passage would do credit to a chapter of Gil Blas. The time of the story is somewhere in the latter half of the seventeenth century:

When I was going to rest, I was led into a gallery full of beds, as you see in hospitals. I told them this was ridiculous; and that, as I wanted only four, I asked them what occasion there was for showing me forty, and to put me into such an open place to starve me? They answered that it was the best place in the house, and I must take up with it. I caused my bed to be made, when scarce was I laid down but somebody knocked softly at my door; my women opened it, and remained much surprised to see the master and mistress, followed by a dozen of ill-looking creatures, and so clothed that they were half naked. I drew my curtain at the noise they made, and opened my eyes to look upon this noble company. The mistress drew near to me and told me these were honest travelers, who were coming into the beds which remained empty. "How! lie here?" said I. "I believe you must have lost your senses!" "I must have lost them indeed," replied she, "were I to let so many beds stand empty. Either, madam, you must pay for them, or these honest gentlemen must lie in them." I can not express my rage to you; I was in the mind to send for Don Fernando and my knights, who would have sooner made them pass through the windows than through the doors; but I considered this could not be done without some disturbance, and therefore I came to terms, and agreed to pay twenty pence for each bed. They are hardly dearer at Fontainebleau when the Court is there. These illustrious Dons, or, to speak more properly, Tatterdemalions, who had the insolence to come into my room, immediately withdrew, having made me several profound reverences.

The next morning I thought I should have burst myself with laughter, though it was at my own cost, when I discovered my hostess's trick to ruin me; for you must know, in the first place, that these pretended travelers were their neighbors, and that they are accustomed to this stratagem when they see strangers; but when I would have reckoned the beds, to pay for them, they were rolled all together in the midst of the gallery. There were a number of bags of straw pulled out, which were hardly good enough to entertain dogs, yet I was obliged to pay twenty pence for each of them. However, four pistoles ended our dispute. I was not capable of putting myself in a passion, such singularity I found in this management. I should not have recounted this little accident to you, did it not serve to give you some insight into the humor of this nation.

FOLLIES AND WEEDS.

"It is not so much," wrote Pope, "the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there."

A DEFINITION OF CERTAIN CRITICS.

Butler, the author of "Hudibras," has given an admirable one in his "Remains:" "A corrector of the press gratis."

BOOKS.

"No man," it is a saying also of Butler, "is the wiser for his books until he is above them."

ON THE DEATH OF AN EPICURE.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, I can drink no more;
My night is come; I've spent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part: but, oh! what is to pay?

A PATHETIC DOMESTIC POEM.

This is by W. C. Bennett, a contemporary English poet, author of a recent volume entitled "Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems." Mr. Bennett has dramatic and lyrical power of expression. He writes always with feeling and emphasis; appears versed in classical, with a knowledge of old English poetical literature; and, as a popular writer of the day, deserves high consideration and esteem.

Baby's Shoes.

Oh those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

"NEW DRESSES AND DECORATIONS."

THE Spring Fashions! the new spring hats! What magic in the sound, what enchantment in the prospect of grace and novelty! We women have been in a state of feverish excitement and nervousness, very difficult for you, my dear matter-of-fact editor, to imagine for an instant. Every body goes about murmuring to herself, like the chorus to the Chough and Crow, "It is, it is, it is, our opening day!" and, rushing off to the neglect of all housewifely or intellectual employments, devotes her entire energies to an inspection of the milliners' stock.

How we wonder and anticipate at breakfast, how we hurry over that meal to the ruin of our digestive organs, scamper up stairs, array ourselves for a walk, and put on with disgust those bonnets a short time since so elegant, but suddenly become "horrid old things!" What earnestness and eagerness in the chase from store to store, from show-room to show-room! what discussions, what arguments, what tryings on, and takings off! What exclamations of delight at "this superb wreath;" that "lovely shade of blue, my favorite tint;" that "elegant little group of flowers! so sweet against the white crape!"

At last we return home, faint and exhausted, to dinner.

"Well, girls, you've been happy I hope, to-day at any rate," observes *pater familias*, with some sarcasm, and a glance at our wearied faces and hurried or neglected toilets, each too tired with the exertions of the last six or eight hours to think of dressing for dinner, not to mention the contempt inspired by our present wardrobes after the inspection of the fairy-like creations of the season.

AUNT. "Happy! Humph! Look at them, do! every one of them fagged to death, and not able to hold up their heads, much less to sit and eat a hearty meal as sensible women ought. If any of you girls think of going out to-night, you'd better look in the glass first, before you decide about it; for none of you are fit to be seen; with your eyes heavy and your cheeks pale and sallow like so many women of thirty. What nonsense! fatiguing yourselves in that manner for nothing."

"But, aunt, we must go and look at the fashions, mustn't we?"

"I don't see it, my dear. You've none of you got a penny to spend as yet, and by the time you do, you'll have known what the fashions are over and over again. So there's no such hurry about it that *I* can see!"

"Oh, but we've seen such lovely things—that hat at Lawson's, with the white marabout feathers! and that pink one with the tulle trimmings!"

"And those pretty gipsy bonnets, a sweet style they have just introduced—so young-looking!"

"Young looking! Don't dress yourselves on such bad principles, my dears. While you *are* young, you need'nt worry yourselves about looking so; and when you're not, you'd better not aim at it—that's my advice.

"But oh! Angelina, that one with the delicate blonde edging, and very fine straw, and the *tiniest* little bugles in the border, just enough to make the trimming bright and sparkling, without your finding out why! wasn't it sweet! And it just became me, just suits my complexion—that rose-color!"

"I'm sorry to hear it, my dear, looking as you do now, sallow and muddy. To put rose-colors near your face will make you look yellow as a guinea, you silly child. I think you'd do better, all of you, instead of spoiling your good looks, by running like mad March hares after the fashions, to take sensible exercise, that would freshen your cheeks and improve your appearance a little. It's putting the cart before the horse, I think. A bright face in a plain hat, is much prettier, to my fancy, than a weary one in lace and flowers. But there's no knowing where the extravagance of people will end nowadays. Dear me! when I come from church, and walk down the avenue, and see the yards upon yards of silk, and flounces, and furbelows, I think to myself, 'Where does the money all come from? or is half, at the best, paid for, I wonder?'"

"What's that, Mr. C——? Not proper to think of such things on Sundays, or coming from church? You make a mistake, my good Sir. Sunday is the very time ladies think most about their costume, and look most sharply at that of others. There's something in the air of the church, I suppose, that makes the girls' faculties so acute. I've been quite astonished sometimes at the powers of observation and memory they show in talking of what every body wore. And they never make mistakes. Never put the wrong gown on Mrs. C——, or the wrong hat on Mrs. D——. No; it's all perfectly accurate, down to the gloves and shoes. And not only that, but they seem to see equally well on every side of them, and as well at their backs as they do in front. The Smiths' pew is far behind ours, but these girls never make an error in the inventory of what Mrs. Smith and her daughters have on. How *do* they manage to see it, I wonder? Their eyes *look* on their books whenever I'm with them, and they are better behaved than to be caught staring about in church."

"They say hoops are going out."

MR. C——. "Well, I hope it, for my part. I'm tired of seeing women such barrels. And it ain't good taste, either; for I've always used to notice that the best dressed ladies of my acquaintance have their dresses hang easy and graceful. Don't you remember, Aunty, Mrs. Henry Ellis, what a nice dresser she was, what good taste she had, and her clothes always seemed to sit pretty snug to the figure?"

AUNT (*with contempt*). "Lord! Mr. C——, what nonsense! That was years ago. The fashions were altogether different. Mrs. Ellis, indeed! Why that was in your young days! Why you'd be the very first to cry out if a lady made herself conspicuous by being in the least different from others. That's just your inconsistency! If we follow the fashions, you sneer at us for imitating every thing; and if one of us tries the least independence in that way, you exclaim against her effrontery and eccentricity! You don't really know what you *do* like—that's the fact. You disapprove of long dresses, and yet look terrified to death if you see a 'Bloomer.'

"You want moderation, eh? Well, that's exactly what you can't get. Nothing ever yet was moderate in this world, and nothing ever will be. At the same time, its great nonsense, this finding fault with women for being extravagant in their dress, when it's you men who encourage it all. Suppose a girl did walk out without her crinoline, I think the gentlemen in Broadway would be the first to say she "wanted style!" You pretend not to care for expense in dress; but, as far as I can see, that's only when it does not touch your own pockets. I've seen as much admiration expressed, my dear Sir, by you, for handsome toilettes and splendid brocades as ever the girls show. It's only done in a different way, that's all. Of course, you don't enter into detail, as we do, who examine every fold, every stitch. But you think just as much of the general effect, the handsome appearance, and perhaps more; for I've always noticed the best dressed women in a room to be the most admired by you men, provided they are not your own wives.

"It's because they have most sense—is that what you say? Oh dear no; it's simply because they happen to look the prettiest—that's all you care about. What can you or any man tell of a woman's sense? None of you *know* any thing about that. You can only judge by her looks. And I assure you no woman looks well unless she *is* well dressed. More than that, it's not enough for her to *be* so, she must *think* it and *know* it in her own mind. Isn't it quite enough to make a girl look perfectly happy and radiant, when she enters a room, to see she has a prettier toilette than any one else in it? The consciousness of that alone makes her quite handsome, and once handsome and good-humored, you gentlemen think her irresistible! And all for what? Because she happened to be more careful in her costume than any one else! That's the secret of it! So be attentive to your good looks, girls. Once gone they wont come back again, and then good-by to all the civilities and attentions of your 'devoted' admirers.

"You think I do your sex injustice? You know better, my dear Sir! But you're very silly, you girls to make so much fuss about your exterior, when you know very well every pretty thing you wear makes every other woman hate you. But you don't mind that! No more did I, my dears, at your age, though I knew very well each new gown cost me as much in castigation as it did in cash, and in strict proportion too! For something merely new, I was likely to be called affected; for any thing showy and fashionable, I was a flirt; and if I hit upon something that nobody else had, and that made me look handsomer than I had any right to look, there wasn't any scandal too bad to be true of me! It was believed for that time, at any rate, if doubtful before. And it's just the same nowadays, I see. One thing you may be pretty sure of, my dears. *You can always measure your own attractions by the way other women behave to you, and the way in which they look at you.* If they give you a steady, serious stare, you may know you're looking remarkably well; if the stare is sharp and angry, you may guess you are very pretty indeed; but if the stare is stiff, strong, and rigid, and as if they'd give any thing to have you out of the way, you may safely make up your mind you're the belle of the room, and that all the gentlemen are thinking you an angel!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have many esteemed favors to acknowledge, which we reserve for future insertion. As the space at our command is limited, and the chief object aimed at is to make a miscellany agreeable to all, we can not undertake to give publicity to queries and replies of merely private or personal interest.

U. S. N. will perceive that his contributions are received, and thankfully made use of.

ÆGROTUS. Rather too learned for our columns.

MICAWBER. The Fable is *not* by C. Lamb; so the origin loses its point.

TOBACCO AND ITS CONSEQUENCES: A WARNING FROM HISTORY.—"There can be no doubt, from what has occurred in the war just ended, that had the Turks never indulged in the vicious habit of smoking tobacco, they would not have required the assistance of the French, Sardinians, and British. They would have been as powerful as in the days of the Sultans Othman, Orchan, Amurath the First, and Bajazet; and would have sent such a message through Menschikoff to the Czar Nicholas as the Sultan Bajazet said to the Count de Nevers of France, when taken prisoner, after his celebrated unsuccessful cavalry charge (like that at Balaklava) near Nicopolis. It is allowed by British and other European officers that the Turkish soldier is equal, if not superior, to the private soldier of any European nation. But the officers are ignorant, lazy, and indolent—constantly stupefied with tobacco. The late expedition of Omer Pasha, from Batoum to Kutais, is graphically described by the correspondent of an English journal, where, while the private soldiers were toiling away in dragging the artillery through forests, their officers were *squatted*, smoking their pipes or chibouques! 'Tobacco,' says the eloquent Burke, 'is the delight of Dutchmen, as it diffuses a torpor and pleasing stupefaction.' Abbas, the first Shah of Persia, in the beginning of the seventeenth century (he reigned from 1587 to 1629), denounced opium and tobacco. When leading an army against the Cham of Tartary, he proclaimed that every soldier in whose possession tobacco was found would have his nose and lips cut off, and afterward be burned alive. He re-established the Persian empire by his activity and conquests."

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—A curious transformation has taken place in the name of this little island, so well known to all genuine "down-easters." It appears, by the decisive testimony of the oldest maps of this region, that the original name was "Martin Swynaert's Island," derived, no doubt, from some early Dutch navigator, from the corruption of whose name a mythical "Martha" has arisen, whom antiquaries were long puzzled to account for.

"INFORMATION WANTED" for the Judges of the Kings County Court of Oyer and Terminer.—Long Island seems in a fair way to retain its character of the Bœotia of the United States, if the following little note from the legal proceedings of a fortnight since is a sample of its intelligence:

WITNESS (*deposing to the sanity of a criminal*). His favorite books were Pollok's *Course of Time* and Milton's *Poems*.

COURT. I do not exactly understand what Pollok's *Course of Time* is.

MR. RUSSELL explained the character of the work to the Court.

Think of a reputation pervading the length and breadth of this Continent stopped by the East River! How to account for such a phenomenon we know not, except by supposing that Long Island is raising a crop of native Miltons and Shakspeares, and ignores the foreign article.

A characteristic trait of Robert Pollok is given in a new and splendid illustrated edition of his great work, lately produced at Edinburgh. From his boyhood Pollok was distinguished by unusual firmness and decision of character. When delivering his first discourse in the Divinity Hall, during his theological studies at Glasgow, on the text, "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners," his over-poetical and somewhat turgid strain excited the smiles and laughter of the elder students. Pollok went on, however, cool and collected, until (the disturbance continuing) he leaned over the pulpit, and said—fetching a sweep with his arm toward the seats of the scoffers—"Had sin not entered into the world no idiot smile would have gathered on the face of folly, to put out of countenance the man of worth." There was no more annoyance after this.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—The largest sale ever reached by any newspaper in England was that of *The Illustrated London News* containing a narration of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. Of this (a double number) 400,000 copies were sold. One newsman is said to have taken 1000 quires, making 27,000 double papers, for which he must have paid £1075. Last year the usual edition of *The Illustrated News* was 160,000 copies weekly, over 20,000 of which were for the supply of the United States and Canada.

For Notes and Queries:

BRITISH JEALOUSY OF AMERICA.—I flatter myself that among my various readings in the remains of "hoar antiquity," I have hit upon the first recorded instance of this feeling, of which we are sure to hear periodically and spasmodically from the Tammany Hall School of oratory; but your readers shall judge. In 1632, the Poems of George Herbert (to this day the favorite poet of devout Episcopalians) were presented to be licensed for the press, by his friend, Nicholas Ferrar, to whose charge he had committed them at his death. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was the official whose fiat was sought. He was so displeased at the sentiment conveyed in the following lines from a poem of Herbert's entitled "The Church Militant," that he absolutely refused to permit the printing of the book till they were expunged:

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,
When height of malice and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts
(The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up.

Ferrar was equally resolute in maintaining the integrity of his friend's composition; and, after a long dispute, the Vice-Chancellor yielded to his wishes, expressing great admiration for Herbert, but adding, that though he knew well his excellence as a *poet*, he hoped the world would not take him for an *inspired prophet*. ANTIQUARIUS.

NOTES WORTH NOTICE FOR WALL STREET.—The earliest direct mention of Marine Insurance is in an ordinance of the City of Barcelona, of the year 1433, in which it is ordered that no vessel should be insured for more than three-quarters of its value; that no merchandise belonging to foreigners should be insured at Barcelona, unless freighted on board a ship belonging to the King of Aragon; and that merchandise belonging to Aragonese subjects on board vessels belonging to other countries should only be insured for half its value. It appears most probable that the inventors of Marine Insurance were the Italians, who, as is well known, were the leading commercial nation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was in Venice that the first Bank was established, and that a funded debt, transferable from hand to hand, was first introduced. Bills of exchange, if not invented in Italy, were used extensively by the Lombard merchants and money-dealers; and book-keeping by double entry is of Italian origin, as is also the phrase "Policy of Assurance."

W. M. PRAED'S CHARADE.—The concurring opinion of several correspondents assures us that the correct answer to this famons riddle is as follows:

For Notes and Queries:

NEW YORK, *March 25th*, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—The answer to the charade in your No. 12 is PEACOCK. In the

forgotten day
When Chivalry was nourished,

the peacock was, on state occasions, served up in a pie, with the head and tail displayed in their natural positions—the pie itself surrounded with burning spirits. Vows were made "before the peacock and the ladies." Hence, too, Falstaff's pet oath, "By cock and pie." A. W.

The delicate penmanship shows that we owe the above to "woman's wit." A gentleman, "Ricardo," has dashed off a metrical answer to the same effect, which we insert with pleasure:

Don Pedro's feast was surely graced
With birds in feathers gay,
When *I* upon the board was placed
Amid the grand array.

A dish of *pea*-s in mountains wild
A banquet would be deemed;
Frijoles they in Spain are styled,
And there are much esteemed.

In deserts men do vainly turn
A *cock* that does not crow
On cask, on flagon, or on urn;
My *second* thus you know.

My aim was somewhat *pavonine*,
When on the lawn I strolled;
My *whole* you quickly will divine
Without being further told.

A LADY'S QUERIES.—We commend to the attention of our *savans* the following questions from a lady. The first relates to a well-known passage from Seneca's tragedies, quoted in Irving's "Life of Columbus" and other books, which we will give when answers are furnished to the others:

For Notes and Queries:

Dr. Chapin, in his lecture on Columbus, in Utica, New York (December 7, 1856), speaks of a prophecy of a new world which was made by Seneca. Can you, or some of your able correspondents, direct me to the original passage?

Dr. Chapin also says that a passage in the *Morgante Maggiore* foretells the Copernican theory, and the continent yet undiscovered. I desire to be informed of the original passages, or to be shown where to find them, if possible.

G. P. R. James, in a lecture at Baltimore, said that a Roman knight *printed with blocks* many ages before printing became general; also, that in one English reign a *steamboat* crossed the Bay of Roses, in presence of the royal family, long before steam navigation became general. May I solicit a solution of both these enigmas? An answer will greatly oblige KATE.

BALTIMORE, 1857.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I WAS standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun had been shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen northwest wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I pitied her. As she passed me her foot slipped, and she fell with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run as before.

"Stop! little girl, stop!" said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a huge shawl and with furs around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me."

How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"Oh, I can not," said the little child, "I can not wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes, for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled; and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed and then turned pale, but I, yes I, looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name—a lady's name written, but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?"

So the child told her where; and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very cold, and that her mother sometimes cried because she had no money to buy milk for her little brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl; but she gave her nothing else—no, not even a sixpence, and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin,

Presently she came back, and stepping into a handsome carriage rolled off. The little girl looked after her a moment, and with her little bare feet, colder than they were before, ran quickly away.

I went with the little girl, and I saw her to a narrow damp street, and into a small dark room; I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient—hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept and the mother laid it on her lap; and the bundle was unrolled, and a dim candle helped her with her work; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folded her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept and dreamed—oh! such pleasant dreams—of warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed alone, and as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into the heart? When she thought of her child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, that had not satisfied her hunger, came there visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good, a little portion of which spared to her would give warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling?

If such thoughts came, and others, of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come repiningly, there also came another; and the widow's hands were clasped and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou doest all things well, and I will trust to thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was placed upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said in a voice like music: "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow!"—and she was gone, only, as she went out I heard her say, "Better than diamonds—better than diamonds!" Whom could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went too; and I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautifully dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed me whose dress was of simple white with only a rose-bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was on her foot; but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt as I gazed upon her that she was almost an angel of God.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Conversions to and from Rome.—In some classes of European society the conversions to the Roman Church are following each other in close succession. The fact is undeniable, and furnishes ample material for an interesting chapter in the history of the development of the present age. We spoke in a former number of the Romanizing tendencies among the European nobility. The same tendencies are observable among the clergy of not a few of the Protestant State Churches. At present, England, Germany, and Russia are furnishing to Rome the largest contingent of conversions. The movements going on in the Protestant and Eastern Churches make it probable that the proportion of these conversions will increase for years to come, until the political and ecclesiastical organization of the European countries will be more concordant with the religious principles of Protestantism. But while Rome is receiving more converts of rank than at any former period, the religious statistics of Europe are continually changing in favor of Protestantism. Rome counts her converts by individuals, Protestantism by congregations. While a small current in the upper regions flows toward Rome, Protestantism, in alliance with political Democracy, is spreading with irresistible force among the masses of the people.

Romanizing Tendencies among the German Protestants.—The *Univers*, in a recent article on the Catholic movement in Germany, mentions, among the gains of Rome recently, the following: Mr. Volk, a *Regierungs-Rath* (Counselor of the Government) at Erfurt, Prussia, who has contributed already, anonymously, for a number of years, and while still a member of the Protestant Church, to the Catholic literature; a Baron of Hammerstein-Gesmold at Luneburg, Hanover; the Baroness of Pfetten at Hohenried, Bavaria; one member of the highest aristocracy of Saxony; Madame Stahl, the sister-in-law of the celebrated Prussian jurist; and Rev. Messrs. Hengel and Dieffenbach, Lutheran clergymen of Hesse-Darmstadt. On the secession of these two clergymen an article in one of the leading papers of the Romanizing Protestant press of Germany, the *Volksblatt* of Halle, complains in the following manner: "The one, Henrici, is a man of eminent talents, whose sermons have been like a fire seizing every thing around him. For many years he has been depressed by the pitiful condition of our Church, by the prevalence of spiritual death and sectarianism in her midst, by the infidelity which is openly nourished and cherished by her members, by the want of unity, by her being sold and betrayed under the absolute sway of the secular Government. Already in 1852, when he entered into a correspondence with the Bishop of Mayence, he had temptations to go over to Rome. But he resisted until this summer, when he left our Church, deeply regretted by us. He is now in Mayence, and prepares for the priesthood. The other is a son of Professor Dieffenbach at Friedbach, from a very respected family, a rough and over-hasty character. The bishop does not deem him worthy yet to enter the priesthood, on account of his former life, and has furnished him with the necessary means to study medicine."

Protestantism in Catholic Countries.—In Sardinia, we read, almost every town has newly-converted Protestants, whose number, in some places, rises to several hundreds. In Tuscany, the repeated persecution of Protestants revealed that many towns have regular meetings of Bible readers. Good authorities estimate the number of Protestants at 10,000, of course all former members of the Roman Church. France has likewise a number of flourishing congregations of the same origin. The judicial proceedings against the congregation of S. Bel, where upward of forty persons were fined, show that the membership in these congregations is not inconsiderable. In Belgium, the "Belgian Evangelical Society" supports fourteen congregations, all members of which are converts. Three Protestant Churches at Brussels reported, during the last year, an increase of thirty new members. In the single district of Charleroi, more than one thousand persons have abandoned the Roman Church, and about three hundred children have frequented the evangelical schools. In Austria, the Consistories of Vienna receive, at present, more applications for admission to their respective (Lutheran and Reformed) Churches than the actual number of Protestant ministers can attend to. In Spain, according to the reports of De Mora, several towns have organized Protestant congregations. "Progress of Protestantism in Ireland," is the standing title of religious items in almost every number of the Protestant papers of England. The *Record*, of January 29, mentions that in one district, where Protestant worship, seven years ago, had no more than fifty-nine regular attendants, it has now thirteen hundred. It is the general opinion that the Protestant population which, some years ago, was about one million to seven millions of Catholics, does, at present, not fall short of one-third of the whole population.

The Association of St. Vincent.—The Catholic papers of Europe report frequently the rapid spreading of the Association of St. Vincent, the general Poor Aid Society of the Catholic Church. Founded some thirty years ago by a few students of the University of Paris, it has formed every year since the death of Pope Gregory XVI. one hundred new associations at least, and counted, toward the close of 1854, more than 1500, in all parts of the world. At present it is receiving numerous additions, especially in Austria and Spain. A flourishing association, it seems, exists in Algiers, where the members of the Conference, followed by a Sister of Charity, visit every week about one hundred of the poorest Mohammedan families, and supply them with bread, meat, and money. As the Mohammedans have no institutions of this kind, the moral effect of these acts of charity in favor of Christianity, and also in favor of the French rule, is said by the leading paper of Algiers to be very great.

Conversion of Mohammedans.—Until very recently, there was scarcely a well-attested case of the conversion of a Mohammedan in Turkey. But since the termination of the Eastern War, the instances of conversions have become daily more common. To aid this work, the Turkish Aid Society has been formed in England, for the purpose of assisting the missions of the American Board in Turkey. Another important measure is, the instruction of all the pupils in the Missionary Seminary at Behehi in the Turkish language, with a view of preparing men to preach the Gospel to the Mohammedans in their own language.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Two Scotchmen thus discoursed:

"Aw say, Georgie, man, aw hear thou's been makin' a fule o' theesel'."

"Ay, man, auve gotten a wife."

"Why, didst know auve dun that same thing mesel'? What kind o' body hast thou gotten?"

"A parfect deeval, man—a parfect deeval."

"Smash me, man!—au wish mine wur nae warse than that."

"Warse than that!" responded Georgie, "how can she be warse than that? Isn't Beelzebube the warst crittur a man cood have for an akwentence i' this world?"

"Nought o' the kind, man—nought o' the kind. Din'st thou knaw what the Bible says (and thou knawst it can not be wrong)? It says, 'Resist the deeval, and he'll flee from you;' but bless thy soul, simple lad—if ye resist my wife, she'll flee right at ye."

The late Dr. Knox, of Larpet, while entertaining one day a few clerical friends to dinner, happening, rather unceremoniously, to help himself to some vegetables upon the table by using his fingers, was told by one of his brethren that he reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar; when the Doctor immediately replied, "Oh, yes; that was when he was eating with the beasts."

My wife tells the truth three times a day, remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. Before rising in the morning, she says—"O dear, I must get up, but I don't want to." After breakfast, she adds—"Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;" and she goes to bed saying—"There, I have been fussing all day, and haven't done any thing."

Two boys, one of them blind of one eye, were discussing the merits of their respective masters.

"How many hours do you get for sleep?" asked one.

"Eight," replied the other.

"Eight! why, I only gets four."

"Ah!" replied the first, "but recollect you have only got one eye to close, and I have two."

Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow; I never whistled in my life, and I can't whistle now. Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man; I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

On a recent rainy day a wag was heard to exclaim, "Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic!" "How so?" inquired a friend. "Because it always keeps *lent*."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn won't hurt 'em."

At a "protracted meeting" held whilom, not a thousand miles from Balston Spa, an ancient sister in the church arose and relieved herself as follows: "I see young ladies here that seem to love gewgaws, furbelows, ribbons, and laces more than their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trimmings, but I took them all off and *gave them to my sister!*"

The late Vicar of Sheffield, the Rev. Dr. Sutton, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon,

"Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?"

"Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a *gentleman* for money."

"Indeed," said the vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is *not* a gentleman, and then I ask him."

A green member of the Nebraska Legislature, when the election of the Assistant Clerk came up, called out, "Mr. Speaker, I move we vote *vice versa*." The whole house burst into a roar, and, not knowing what it meant, greeny asked his right-hand man if it was not in order, adding that he didn't know any thing about these plaguey *parliamentary rules*.

Said a purchaser to a horse-dealer, "Is that animal sure-footed?" "Perfectly," said the jockey; "when he puts his foot down, you'd think he never was going to take it up."

In the directions of Cardinal Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, for the season of Lent, the following passage occurs: "On account of the dearness of provisions, and for this year only, I permit the faithful to replace butter and oil by fat and hog's lard. We say," adds the Cardinal, emphatically, "we say *fat*, and not *gravy*."

"What is the shape of a kiss?"

"Round, I suppose."

"Not exactly: it is a-lip-tickle."

One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B——," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years in R——," said the judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N——," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have *lain* fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have *sat* twenty years; but the aged pastor has *stood* five-and-twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

The best and most conclusive reason for an effect that we ever remember to have heard was given by a Dutchman in reply to a friend who remarked,

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."

"Oh yaw," was the reply, "I know the reason for dat—my mother was a woman."

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached while supplying an absent minister's pulpit, said several times, when giving some new exposition of a passage, "The critics and commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning, a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "the *common taters did not agree with him here*," he had sent him some of the best *Jersey blues*.

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther, whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the *tail* was long enough "not to be continued."

There is an English statute, where one half goes to the King, and the other half to the informer—the penalty being *fourteen years' transportation*.

"Joe, my father's an old mariner—a regular salt."

"Why, I never knew that. What service was he in?"

"The whaling service. He goes cruising around all night, and in the morning, when he comes home, he goes a whaling the whole family, from the old 'oman down, and boxes the compass about the hired girl's ears."

At a Sunday-school in this city, at the Rev. Mr. N——l's church, he asked the children the following question: "Children, what is the sweetest, prettiest, and most interesting little thing in the world?" Some guessed one thing and some another. Some said "Cake," others "Money." At last, one little girl, about four years old, said, "Ma's little baby!" Mr. N—— said, "You are right; a baby."

A lawyer with an immense beard was badgering a witness in one of the Canada courts:

"Now, my good man, have the goodness to look me full in the face, and explain what has caused the confusion under which you confessedly labor. As a general rule, people are not apt to be so much put about when telling the simple veracitude. I fear that you have too good cause for humming and hawing after this preposterous fashion."

"Weel, Sir," responded the witness, who, we may state, was a native of North Britain, "if you must have the truth, you will have it. The thing that sae sairly confuses me, and puts me about, is that buck's tail hanging frae your lower lip!"

A Yankee lady pictures a good man as one who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read the Bible without spellin' the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash day to save the wimmin folks from cookin'.

Steele paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps was ever offered. Of one woman whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, he says that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head—how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I can not believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form than my wife."

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A man with one eye laid a wager with another person that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see the two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

An editor in California lately received a long document, which he was requested to insert gratis under his editorial head. He placed it under his pillow that night, and expresses his willingness to insert similar communications in the same way, and on similar terms.

Under the head of "Broken English," a Paris paper places the Londoners who get smashed up by railroad collisions, or financially busted.

"A smile; who will refuse a smile
The sorrowing breast to cheer?
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?

A pleasant smile for every face,
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing!'
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring."

The best time for a man to speak is when he has something to say. And silence often passes for sense.

Our amateur choir-singers are too fond of "executing" difficult pieces, and confounding common people with the reverberating resonances of *fugue* tunes. The Rector of St. Bardolph's takes off this style most laughably, in describing the singing of the following stanza:

"True love is like that precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this performance, the ear-splitting combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head, and which

"Ran down his beard and o'er his robes—
Ran down his beard——
————his robes
And o'er his robes——
Ran down his beard——ran down his
————o'er his robes——
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard—
Ran down his——
————o'er his robes
Ran down his beard
————h-i-s be-a-rd
Its costly moist——
Ran down his beard——
—ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed
Ran down his beard—his—down
His robes—its costly moist—his beard
—ure shed—his cost—his robes—ure shed
Its c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture——shed!"

The late Bishop Seabury, being asked his opinion of this performance, replied that he had paid no attention to the music, but that his sympathies were so much excited for poor Aaron, that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left! Such performances may be "artistic," but can never answer the purpose for which singing God's praise was designed.

A man, in praising porter, said it was an excellent beverage; that though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat.

"I have seen the time when it made you lean."

"When, I should be glad to know?" said the eulogist.

"Why, no longer since than last night—against a wall."

"Look-a-hea, Sam," said a Western negro to a field-hand over the fence, "look-a-hea; d'ye see dat tall tree down dar?"

"Yah, Jim, I does."

"Wall, I got up dat tree night afore to-morrow."

"Wat you in dat tree arter?"

"I was arter a coon."

"You catch him, Jim?"

"Wait till I tell de fax, Sambo."

"Well, succeed."

"I chased de coon out to the todder end of dat longest lim, and den I hear suffin drap. What do you guess't was, Sam?"

"De coon, ob corse."

"No you don't; 'twas dis ere nigga; like to broke he neck—been limpun' 'bout eber since."

Alexander Dumas is preparing a work on Thuggism, in which the horrors of that terrible Freemasonry will be depicted with all the vividness of imagination for which that writer is so justly celebrated. A Bengal officer, of high literary reputation, will assist the novelist in the work, and will do his best to restrain the exuberant powers of "Alexander the Great" within the limits of legitimate exaggerations.

Shall I help you to some of the tomatusses?" inquired a young exquisite of a venerable physician, as he sat opposite to him at one of our hotel tables. "No, Sir, I thank you," replied the learned savant; "but I'll trouble you for some of the potatusses, if you please."

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol.

"Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.
The rust eats in, and oft we find
That naught which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

The renown which Kentucky riflemen have obtained for precision and skill in handling the rifle, has become world-wide, and excited the attention and wonder of the warriors of other nations. In battle they have stood as cool and collected, although the first time in action, as the oldest veterans in Europe—pouring in their deadly fire with unerring aim.

"I shot that officer," exclaimed a rifleman, as he saw an officer fall at New Orleans.

"I shot him in the right eye," replied the other rifleman.

"And I shot him in the left eye," was the response.

After the battle it was found that an officer had been shot in both eyes. The unerring precision can only be obtained by long practice and thorough drilling.

Bridget. "Well, Mary, are you going to the new place?"

Mary. "Sure, no! the lady couldn't give satisfactory reference from her last cook."

Laughter enables mirth to breathe freely, and tears allow sorrow to vent itself freely. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the privileges of *reason*, for it belongs only to the human species.

A Western paper says: "The editor of this paper wants to marry somebody. Now don't misunderstand us; we are not advertising for a wife. We wish to marry two people; nor are we a Mormon. From looking over the new statutes, it appears that justices of the peace are allowed two dollars as a fee for solemnizing marriage. We are in want of money, and wish to marry a couple for two dollars."

A Nebraska paper complains bitterly of the mail's delays. Says the editor: "We received a letter two days ago from Chicago, informing us that its author would be in Nebraska last September. And since it was written he has been here, remained a month, made a thousand dollars in cash, had two fights, and had gone back and got married."

"How very provoking, my dear fellow! If you had but come yesterday you might have had the money!" How true this is through life! Whenever we ask for any thing, the only Yes we receive is in "Yesterday!" In begging favors, To-day always means a day-too-late!

How many wives would do well to emulate the virtue of the Shawanee Indian woman, who was met by a man who asked her to look on him and love him. "My husband," said she, "is ever before my eyes, and hinders me *from seeing you or any one else!*"

The English gentleman stepped up to give his testimony: "Theere was a vast cwowd gittin' about him; hand one said the man was killed, hand another said the same; hand I hexclaimed, with a loud voice, 'Hif the man is killed, why don't you stand back and give 'im a little *hair*?'"

A man that has no enemies is seldom good for any thing—he is made of that kind of materials which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it.

The New Orleans *Crescent* says: "Upon the adjournment of one of the courts, a few days ago, the judge instructed the jury not to talk about the pending case with any one. One of the jurors facetiously asked if he might consult his wife in regard to the matter, as he always found it necessary to tell her something when he went home? His honor gallantly replied that it was not the province of the court to meddle with matters of so domestic and private a nature."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, April* 6, 1857.

The week has been pretty quiet in the commercial world, the imports, as usual, largely exceeding the exports. The figures are:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending April 4, 1857	$5,046,232	$1,795,749
Corresponding week, 1856	6,304,978	1,600,374
Increase		195,375
Decrease	$1,258,746	

The total imports for the year at this port are over $11,000,000 in advance of the imports up to same date last year.

The specie movement has been so light as to be hardly worth notice; the import (for transit to West Indies) being almost equal to the export. The specie in bank here does not vary much.

Money continues easy enough on good names—say 7 to 8 per cent. Exchange may be quoted at 8¼ @ 8½. Cotton is quiet, with a little activity in the South for Middlings. Flour and Corn are heavier. The Grocery Market is firm; Sugars have advanced nearly 1 cent during the past week. In Stocks we have to report a general though slight decline. A hypothecation of new stock by the Michigan Southern Company, leading to its sale by the lender, and some general publicity, has not improved the public opinion of railroad finance. The following table illustrates the course of stocks during the week:

Course of the Stock Exchange.

	Saturday, March 28.	Saturday, April 4.
New York Central	88¼	88⅛
Erie	53¼	52¾
Reading	79¼	79
Michigan Southern	73¼	70¼
Toledo	73¾	72¾
Rock Island	107	99ex
Michigan Central	95½	94¾
Panama	95	93¼
Galena and Chicago	103	102
Hudson River	28¼	28
Virginia 6s	91½	91½
Missouris	84	83¾
Ohios of 1886	109¼	109¼
Californias, '75	64	57
Illinois Central	102	99ex
Illinois Central, Scrip	132¼	131
Eries of '75	92¼	91¼
Hudson River, Thirds	66½	65¼
Pennsylvania Coal	95½	95
Delaware and Hudson	122¼	122

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, April* 6, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were only moderately active during the week. Breadstuffs were freely offered, but were not in brisk request. Prices of Flour generally favored buyers, while desirable lots of Grain—which were least abundant—commanded rather firmer rates. Western Canal Flour declined to $5 50 @ $6 20 for ordinary to fancy, and $5 95 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra brands, per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian is worth $6 00 to $7 50; and low mixed to very choice extra Southern, $6 10 @ $8 75, per barrel. Rye Flour and Corn Meal rule quiet and languid at previous quotations. Wheat opened tamely and languidly, but toward the close it was in fair demand at strengthening rates, especially for prime parcels, of which only a very light amount is available to buyers. The range for all kinds is from $1 45 @ $1 65 for White, and $1 22 @ $1 50 for Red, per bushel. Corn was in moderate supply and active request, at buoyant rates, up to the close, when free offerings depressed the market. The prevailing currency is 69 c. for old Western mixed, in store; 67 c. @ 69 c. for mixed Southern; 67 c. @ 73 c. for new and old yellow; and 69 c. @ 75 c. for new and old white, per bushel. Rye is rare and needed, at from 86 c. @ 90 c., per bushel. Barley is worth $1 55 @ $1 75, for inferior to choice, in lots, per bushel, being very scarce and in demand. Barley Malt is quoted up to $1 80 @ $2 00, per bushel, with a limited stock and inquiry. Oats are moderately sought after, and are dull at 54 c. @ 55 c. for Western; 52 c. and 54 c. for State; 51 c. and 53 c. for Jersey, and 49 c. and 51 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton is brisk and rising. Middling Uplands, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; do. Gulfs, 14½ c. @ 14¾ c., and other kinds at proportionate rates, per pound. Provisions were in fair demand, and though prices slightly fluctuated, they close with considerable firmness. Mess Pork is worth $23 40 @ $23 50; and Prime do. $19 50 @ $19 60, per barrel. Country Mess Beef, $12 75 @ $14 00; and Prime do., $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef has risen to $25 00 @ $29 00, per tierce. Beef Hams close at $23 00 @ $24 00, per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, leaves off at 14½ c. per pound. Groceries were more active. Coffee drooped, while Sugar, Molasses, and Teas favored factors a little. Rio Coffee, 9½ c. @ 12 c., per pound; Cuba Sugar, 9 c. @ 10½ c., per pound; Cuba Muscovado Molasses, 50 c. @ 60 c., per gallon; Hyson teas, 33 c. @ 65 c.; Congou, do., 26 c. @ 50 c., per pound. Hay was plenty, and down to 65 c. @ 85 c., per 100 pounds, with free sales. Hemp, Naval Stores, and Rice were more inquired for at essentially unchanged rates. Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool ruled quiet at old quotations. Hops and Whisky were in fair demand, and closed firmly.

Stocks of various Articles in New York about April 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels	192	773
Coffee, packages	60,457	95,473
Cotton, bales	58,709	84,381
Hemp, tons	—	115
Hemp, bales	21,650	11,721
Hides, number	29,200	45,753
Leather, Sole, sides	7,900	68,300
Molasses, hogsheads	1,868	5,291
Molasses, barrels	7,245	3,275
Pork, barrels	22,460	25,758
Beef, barrels and tierces	69,357	24,330
Rice, tierces	13,049	6,810
Sugars, hogsheads	14,034	25,062
Sugars, bags	—	16,540
Sugars, boxes	2,530	29,390
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	2,777	4,326
Tobacco, crude, bales	3,261	8,111
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	30,437	39,486

The Live Stock Market was remarkable for the uniform quality of the Beeves offered, generally consisting of medium lots. The demand was moderate, and the bulk of the week's business was at full rates. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 3195 Beeves, 304 Milch Cows, 906 Veal Calves, 3597 Sheep and Lambs, and 421 Swine, against 3009 Beeves, 382 Milch Cows, 761 Veal Calves, 4100 Sheep and Lambs, and 1183 Swine the preceding week. Ohio, New York, and Illinois furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 8¼ c. for the poorest, to 12 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 10 c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were less abundant, and less inquired for, at old figures. Veal Calves arrived and sold freely at full prices, especially for those of good quality. Many farmers are profiting by experience, and reserving calves until they become passable food. Sheep and Lambs were in reduced supply and good request at unchanged quotations. Swine were sparingly offered and bought, yet did not vary much in value.

The Country Produce Market exhibited renewed vigor. Fruit and Vegetables are in moderate supply and demand, mainly at full prices. Eggs are less abundant, and are a shade dearer. Butter appears a little depressed, while Cheese is scarce and much wanted. Poultry displayed increasing vigor and buoyancy, the quantity available being inadequate to the wants of buyers, especially of good lots. No other remarkable alterations can be noticed.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to good, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound	10	@	12
" " Southern, per pound	8	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel	$10 00	@	$14 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	14	@	16
" " (unpeeled), per pound	8	@	10
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 00	@	$1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$4 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$3 00	@	—
" Yellow, per barrel	$3 00	@	$3 25
" White, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$4 00	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Beets, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	$1 15
Cabbages, per 100	$3 00	@	$7 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$7 00	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	—	@	$20 00
Tomatoes, per box	$1 75	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	22
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	13	@	14
Lard, per pound	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	18	@	20
Fowls, per pound	14	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	25	@	30
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	20
Geese, per pound	14	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 25	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$2 50	@	$2 75
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Beef, per pound	8	@	12
Mutton, per pound	7½	@	9½
Lamb, per pound	7	@	9
Veal, per pound	8	@	12
Pork, per pound	8½	@	10½
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	22

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